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ART. I.—*The Works of John Bunyan, with an Introduction to each Treatise, Notes, and a Sketch of his Life, Times and Contemporaries.* Edited by George Offer, Esq. Vols. I and II, royal 8vo. Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

THE three greatest *natural* geniuses of Britain hitherto, have been a player, a tinker, and a gauger, Shakspeare, Bunyan and Burns. It is marvellous to think of the *Divinæ particula auræ* passing by palaces and courts as in scorn, and shedding its selectest influences on heads not only uncrowned, but actually loaded by a penumbra of contempt, and the 'foregone conclusion' of three of the most unpoetical of professions. Marvellous, and yet not, perhaps, to remain for ever unparalleled; for would our readers believe, that the three most rising poets of our day are a brewer, a wine merchant, and a seller of shawls? *Verb. sat. sap.*

Facts like these prove unquestionably, that poetry is a gift, not an art; that *poeta nascitur non fit*; that genius, like the will of that Being of whose breath it is a *minor* inspiration, is sovereign, and like the wind, bloweth where it listeth; and that to feel contempt for any lawful trade is a vulgarity and fallacy liable to the exposure and reversal of the Almighty himself.

Shakspeare might have been a chimney-sweep instead of a stage-player; Burns might have been a hind instead of a

farmer holding his own plough; and Bunyan a camp-suttler, instead of a soldier in the parliamentary army. It had been the same to the great breath, which, in poetry as in religion, seems to search about, to wait long, and to 'return according to its circuits,' in order, by choosing the weak and the base things, yea, and the very nonentities of this world, to bring to nought the things that are, and to confound the things that are mighty. The walls of the seventh heaven of invention are not to be scaled by mere ambition or art; inspiration, if genuine, descends from above, and in descending, must, like the lightning, be permitted its own proud and imperial choice.

Let, then, the stage-player, the tinker, and the gauger, appear for a moment together upon our stage. The first is a swarthy and Spaniard looking man, with tall forehead, sharp sidelong eyes, dark hair curling over his lips and chin, and firm deep-cut nostril. The second has a fresh complexion, auburn locks, round brow, hair on his upper lip after the old English fashion, and sparkling glowing eyes, not the least like those of a dreamer, but resembling rather the eyes of 'some hot amourist' as John Woodvil hath it. The third has a broad low brow palpitating with thought and suffering, eyes, shivering in their great round orbs with emotion, like the star Venus in the orange west, nostril slightly curved upward, dusky skin, black masses of hair, and dimpled, undecisive chin and cheek. All three have imagination as their leading faculty, but that of the player is wide as the Globe; that of the tinker is intense, almost to lunacy; and that of the gauger is narrow and vivid as a stream of forked lightning. All three have strong intellect, but the intellect of the one is capacious, that of the other casuistic, and that of the third clear. All are partially educated, but Shakspeare's culture is that of the society of his age, Bunyan's that of solitary reading, and Burns' of a compound of both. All are men of 'one book,' Shakspeare's being the universe, Bunyan's the Bible, and Burns' the ballad poetry of Scotland. All are men of intensely ardent temperament, which in Shakspeare is subdued by the width of the mind in which the furnace glows, which in Bunyan becomes a purged flame, but which in poor Burns bursts out of all restraint into a destructive conflagration. In the works of all, *materiem superat opus*, the genius of Shakspeare flaming out of mean structures of farce and tragi-comedy, Bunyan's power overflowing the banks of narrow controversial treatises, and the great soul of Burns o'er-informing the tenement of fugitive poems, *jeux d'esprits*, satires, and semi-scandalous ballads. All sprang from the people, but while Shakspeare and Burns belonged to its upper stratum, Bunyan appeared amid its

lowest dregs, like a new creation amid the slush of chaos. All had something of a religious tendency, but while in Shakspeare it takes a vague diffusive form, and in Burns never amounts to much more than what he himself calls 'an idiot piety,' in Bunyan it becomes a deep burning principle of thought and action, at once swallowing up and sanctifying his native genius.

The fate of the three was curious and characteristic. Shakspeare, the sublime stage-player, outliving his early self, with those mysterious errors which are partially revealed in his sonnets, subsided into a decent, retired, self-indulgent gentleman, like a dull, sleepy, soaking evening following a day of blended storm and splendour. Burns, after many a vain attempt to rally against the misfortunes and sins of his life and temperament, fell down at last their proud recalcitrating victim, dying and making but dubious signs; while John Bunyan, strong in supernal might, victorious over his tendencies, having bound his very madness in chains, and turned his tears and tortures into the elements of hope and triumph, crossed the black river, singing in concert with the shining ones, and passed into eternity, perfect through suffering, and resembling rather one of its own native children than a poor burdened sinner from the City of Destruction. Philosophers might speculate long and vainly on the causes of those very different destinies. Our theory is the simple Christian one:—God endowed the three with almost commensurate powers, but one only, through patient struggle and solemn search, reached the blessed hope and new life of Christianity. And we come to the farther analysis and illustration of Bunyan's genius, with this exulting thought—'we are not about to speak of a ray which has wandered, or even of a magnificent world unfinished, unnamed, unbaptised of God, but of a star once astray, but which returned and received a place in the great galaxy of the worshipping and holy heavens.'

It is curious to mark the slow and gradual progress of this man's fame, when compared with the rapid growth of his reputation. It was to some extent the same with Shakspeare and Burns. William Shakspeare was very popular in his lifetime, for the sake of the humour and geniality of his plays, but it took a century or two for the world to see that he was the greatest poet that ever lived. Burns' wild and witty and pathetic poems pervaded all Scotland like the winds of April, as swift and as soft; but forty years had to pass ere Carlyle ventured to pronounce him the first man, in genius, his country had ever produced. Bunyan's first part of the 'Pilgrim' was speedily translated into other languages, as well as widely circulated in

his own; but nearly two hundred years revolved ere any critic was hardy enough to call it a work of genius. Previously to this it was named and praised with misgiving, and in cold and timid terms. 'Wonderful book for a tinker; clever allegory; pity it is so Calvinistic; considerable dramatic power in it; an excellent book for the vulgar.' Such were some of the *morceaux* of criticism with which the eighteenth century bestrewed it. Dr. Johnson, to be sure, praised it for its invention and the conduct of its story, but laid too much stress upon the mere popularity it had acquired; and though he compared its opening passage to the first lines of Dante, he seemed ignorant of the author's other works, and probably regarded the 'Pilgrim's Progress' as a kind of *lusus nature*—an exception and not an expression of the general character of the author's mind. Scott says of it, in rather a disparaging tone, that 'it rarely fails to make an impression upon children and persons of the lower rank of life.' Campbell compares Bunyan to Spenser, but it is with a patronizing air, and he seems to start back, affrighted, at the 'sound himself hath made.' Cowper, indeed, long before, had sung the 'Ingenious Dreamer,' in worthy strains; but it required the tongue of Coleridge, the pens of Macaulay, and Montgomery, and the pencils of Martin, Melville, and David Scott, not to speak of the excellent lives by Philip, Southey, and others, fairly to elevate him to that position, as an unconscious artist, whence it were hopeless now to dislodge him, and before which the intellectual and the Christian world universally and emulously bend.

We are not sure but the history of all works of profound genius and permanent influence is precisely similar. They are not, in general, as Wordsworth thinks, ignored or despised at first, but consisting, as all great productions must, of the splendid and the deep, the bright foam above and the strong billow below, their brilliance attracts in their own age, while their profounder qualities fascinate the future. It was so with Homer, with Æschylus, with Sophocles, with Lucretius, with Dante, with Spenser, with Milton, with Dryden, with Cowper, with Byron, with Wordsworth himself. All these obtained reputation in their lifetimes, for properties in their writings of interest, or elegance, or oddity, or splendour, which were not their rarest or most characteristic, and all afterwards grew up to that fame, which now 'waits like a menial' on their immortal names. To this there are exceptions, but we believe it to be the rule, and a rule, moreover, in strict accordance with the principles which prevail through the universe. We see long before we can *weigh* the star.

In analyzing the mind of Bunyan, the first quality which

strikes us is the thorough equality and almost identity of the subjective and the objective. Not only are thought and imagery *one*, but imagery and reality seem one also. He does not think, but imagine—not imagine, but see. We have no doubt whatever, that many of his pictures, like Blake's, stood out from the eye; that he saw visions as well as dreamed dreams, and that this perilous faculty did not unhinge his mind, owing to the strength of his bodily constitution, the simplicity of his habits, and that vigorous intellect which burned yet was not consumed amid the blaze of his imagination. But if ever a man since the prophets of Israel deserved, in a lower sense, the name of 'seer,' it was John Bunyan. It was as if his brain throbbed and thought in his eye, every motion of which seemed 'scintillating soul.' If this objectiveness might be termed diseased, it was the divine disease of Dante, of Spenser, and of Michael Angelo—a disease perfectly compatible with strength of judgment, and even with severity of purpose—but the infection of which has, unfortunately, not been perpetuated, for the two, who in modern times most resembled him in this quality, wanting Bunyan's ballast, became morbid, if not mad. We refer to Blake and Shelley. In Bunyan, at the period at least when he wrote his works, it was a power healthy as the vision of the eagle, and yet peculiar and inimitable as the eyeless intuitions of clairvoyance—that blind goddess who is reported to see so far.

In close connexion with, and dependence on, this peculiar faculty, is his child-like simplicity, or unconsciousness of self. This is, we think, always connected with real sight. Who is *proud* of the landscape which he beholds, however *pleased* he may be with the spectacle? To one who actually sees, there is nothing for it but a *cry*—a Eureka—if he does not first fall down as a dead man. He may, indeed, afterwards begin to speculate on the power and perspicacity of his eye; but he will have little leisure and less inclination to pursue this, if visions after visions, new and varied, continue to press forward in panoramic vividness and succession upon his soul. As to 'dare, and to dare, and to dare,' was Danton's method for a revolutionist, so to 'see, and to see, and to see,' till the eye be shut in death, or rather opened on eternal realities, is the method and the history of a poet.

Nay, the fact that these sights are frequently terrific and bewildering, is itself enough to check, if not to crush, the vanity of vision. And how often must the dreamer, as he awakes, like Jacob, exclaim—'How dreadful is this place;' and not always, like Jacob, be able to add—'It is none other than the gate of heaven!' Perhaps rather he has been led past the mouth of

the pit, and his cry has been not that of exultation, but of anguish and despair.

Bunyan, at least, felt in the first instance no great joy, and no selfish satisfaction at all in his marvellous dreams. Unlike Caliban, he sometimes cried 'not to dream again.' Did he ever awake, like poor De Quincey, in struggles, and cry out—'I shall sleep no more?' Whether awake or asleep, his visions seemed to have passed before him swiftly, as clouds in a wind-tost sky—himself as helpless as the wanderer who watches their veering shapes and changeful shadows amid the solitary hills. He had thus a 'dreadful post of observation;' but it did not darken every hour, but brightened on and on, till, behold! the morning was spread upon the mountains, and in a cloudless sky the 'sun rose upon Christian, and he had daylight all the rest of his journey.'—Something, indeed, of childish gratulation does appear in the prefatory poem to the second part of the 'Pilgrim,' but it is child-like, the mere momentary crowing of an infant; and is speedily swallowed up in the fresh glories which dawn upon his touched and ever-advancing spirit.

How sublime this perpetual attitude of reception! And how little does a mere literary man—perpetually on tiptoe—now seeking to smile down, and now to frown up inspiration—or lashing himself into a false furor by selfish passion, look beside Bunyan lying prostrate before the Invisible Power, which 'moves him at times,' and draws forth from him the simplest, yet noblest music. And while remembering the vast difference between the inspiration of prophecy and of genius, we may nevertheless say, that not more abandoned to the power of supernal influence was Ezekiel, when lifted up by a lock of his hair between earth and heaven—or when watching the dreadful wheels as they moved in the might of the unseen Spirit, than was the tinker of Elstowe, when following the footsteps of Christian in that immortal pilgrimage—or when beleaguering Mansoul with those multitudinous hosts of darkness. His visions *came* upon him as he sat still and expectant, like those cloven tongues of fire which crowned the heads of the disciples at Pentecost.

We have alluded to Ezekiel. Some critics have ventured to deny to him the high poetic quality which they concede to Isaiah and Jeremiah. Now we admit that his language and imagery are not so rich as theirs; but then, how grand the objects and the scenery he beholds and describes. His style serves severely to daguerreotype the vast fire-edged and wind-swept visions which crossed his daring and solitary soul. It is the same with Bunyan. His style seems poor and bald compared to John Howe's or Jeremy Taylor's; it has no beauty;

no golden images sparkle on his page; but his figures are forms; his images are characters; he does not decorate, but create; and though seeming, like that prophet of old, to stand in a valley of dry bones, he soon causes them to live and move—an exceeding great army, fresh with colour, strong of sinew, and prepared for the battle. In him imagination exists—not as a dilution, but as an intense essence; and, while the least florid of writers, he is the most poetical of thinkers. In this point he resembles Dante, who, while possessed of infinite inventiveness and sublimest conception, is as literal and hard in his diction as Defoe. But he *has* similes, scattered, though sparingly, over his poem; whereas, all Bunyan's are derived from Scripture—as if he were afraid to adorn the borders of that solemn way with any flowers but those which had been transplanted from the garden of God.

This peculiarity is quite in keeping with Bunyan's child-like character. Children seldom speak in metaphor; but they are all essentially poets; they live in a world of illusion. A garden walk becomes to them a pilgrim's path, which they crowd with imaginary characters and adventures. A puddle near it is an Atlantic with a thousand ships sailing on its bosom, with perpetual confusions of storm and calm. They weave everlasting little Robinson Crusoes, and Progresses of their own, and even when they sleep, the fine shuttle of their fancy continues to move in its aerial loom of dreams. This poetic tendency is too often crushed by worldly influences; but in some favoured souls, it survives and becomes the germ of the artist. But in Bunyan—and Bunyan alone—it seems to have remained *entire*, unchilled by worldly feelings; for of these he had little—unmodified by culture—for his culture was slender—and having defied time itself to cool its virgin flame. Whether dreaming or awake, a blackguard or a saint, in youth, manhood, or age, in the pulpit, or with the pen in his hand, living or dying, John Bunyan was equally and always a child.

The exceeding *earnestness* of the man is the next quality we notice in him. Many talk as if earnestness were like Californian gold—a thing newly-discovered, and not as old as man or God. And yet it is a lesson, verily, taught us alike by material objects and spiritual powers. Are not angels in earnest in their varied ministrations to man? and are not even devils in terrible earnest, as they struggle against the laws of the universe and the 'silent magnanimity of Nature and her God? and is not that awful Being himself in earnest, as He pursues his immeasurable plans for man's good and his own glory? Verily, this is no world for triflers, and, least of all, for trifling professors of the most earnest of all faiths. A Christian without earnestness,

with what comparison shall we compare him? He reminds us of a galvanized corpse, with motion in the limbs, but with no bloom on the cheek, or life in the heart—it smiles, but it is cold—it moves, but it is dead.

No such feeble factitious Christian was John Bunyan. All his works beat with heart, with passionate purpose, with deep faith, and with the reverberations of past suffering. Every work he has written is a chapter in his autobiography; and the more unintended the more vital the chapter is. We wonder that Thomas Carlyle has never described the earnestness of Bunyan. Had he tried it, it might have been in language something like this:—‘Here, too, under a poor shed of Bedfordshire, there appeared a brave, true-hearted man, striving forward, under the immensities, and toward the eternities, bearing, in his own stout dialect, a burden on his back, and seeking, as with unutterable groanings, to cast it from him and be free. No sham woes were his, no hearsay was hell, no simulacrum was sin, no vague vapor death, to him. He had been in the outer, nay, the outmost darkness; he had awoke from terrific sleep, and felt the worm that dieth not around his neck, and heard at his bed-side the ripple of the slow-moving waves of the unquenchable fire. He had been in the ‘iron cage,’ and in the grim dungeons of Despair; had groped in his bosom for the key called Promise; and had shouted in trembling joy as he saw from Mount Clear a little of the glory of the city. Nay, in the Black River he had once and again dipped his feet, long before he was called to pass through it. Honour to thee, brave pilgrim, for thou also wert a hero; and with all thy tinkering thou hast not mended but made one right manly piece of work, which shall live long in the memory of men.’

All this Carlyle might say, and it were all true, but not the whole truth. Bunyan, indeed, fled from his burden of sin and his City of Destruction, but it was into the arms of a Saviour. His burden clung to him like the gripe of death till he saw the cross and the sepulchre, and felt, without being able fully to express, save by tears, the divine mystery, the awful incarnation of love exhibited there. Carlyle’s ‘Sartor,’ seeks after peace as sincerely as Bunyan, but in haste, or pride, or some fatal blindness, he overlooks the cross, overleaps the sepulchre, and stumbles here and there, till, by a retrograde motion, he gains the town of False Security, which is hard by the City of Destruction, and which trembles at times, in sympathy with the earthquakes, muttering fitfully below *its* devoted towers. Or, shall we rather say, Bunyan is his own Christian, a manful struggler, who, if he falls, rises again and pursues his journey; who, if he wanders, returns to the way; and who,

if he trembles, trembles *forward*; while 'Sartor' too often resembles Mr. Weary-of-the-world (not *weaned* from the world), whose life was a long suicide, who fed on bile, and mistook the recoil of hatred and disgust at the earth for humble, prayerful, and simple-minded search after a better country.

Many, we dare say, are disposed to say of Bunyan, as Joseph's brethren said of him, in a sneering spirit, 'Behold this dreamer cometh!' Pshaw, 'a mere half-lunatic man of genius.' But let such, for their own sakes, beware of entering into controversy with this dreamer, else he will make a fool of them all. Let them beware, too, of remaining too long in his eye, else he may hold them up on his rude calotype to immortal scorn. This lunatic dreamer can argue as acutely as any casuist or schoolman. He can, by the quietest touch of sarcasm, dropped as from the shadow of his strong hand, wither up a pompous pretender, tear off the mantle of a hypocrite, expose a fool and blast an impostor. This dreamer is, at times, dangerous, alike in his earnest anger, and in the cool *naïveté* of his satire. He has a rough forceful logic, ay, and a 'tinkler tongue' of his own. His dreams are dramas, rich, vivid, varied as Shakspeare's. He carries along with him a great key which can open every lock of human nature,—the chapels of its worship, the dungeons of its despair, its airy roofs of grandeur, and its pleasant halls of mirth. He paints at one time a Beulah, and at another a bypath to hell; now a Mercy, and now a Madame Wanton; now green-headed Ignorance, and now Mr. Greatheart; now giant Maul, and now the three Shining ones; now the den of Diabolus, and now that City which hath no need of the sun. Truly has it been said, 'Oh rare John Bunyan, what an intense particle of power was deposited in thy rude body and ruder soul! With a burnt stick for a pencil, what graphic, pathetic, sublime, true, powerful, and tremendous pictures hast thou drawn!' 'Mighty,' too, is this dreamer 'in the Scriptures,' and his enemies must know that when he holds a sword in his hand it is no misty meteor, but a right Jerusalem blade, it is the two-edged sword of the Spirit, it has been bathed in heaven, and it glows and glitters 'anointed for the slaughter.'

The Bible we have called Bunyan's one book; and his case corroborates the common notion, beware of the man of one book; of one who by frequent perusals has drunk so deeply into a book's spirit, has got so much into its thought and feeling,—travels, in short, so easily and naturally in its track, that without any conscious imitation his works become duplicates of the original. This is true of other books, but much more of the Bible. It is a Pactolus, and he who bathes in it

comes out dipped in gold; nay, it resembles that other fabled stream which made the bather invulnerable and immortal. Bunyan had read little else; he had read it too in circumstances which burnt and branded its language upon his soul; he had read it as its blessed words swam on his eyesight through tears; he had read it amid the Slough of Despond; by the red lightnings of Sinai; and as he gazed upwards from the Delectable hills to the far-streaming glory of the city; even in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he had continued to clasp while unable to see it; every chapter in it was a chapter in his history, and every verse touched and thrilled some chord in his heart. Like the poor man's lamb 'it lay in his bosom, and was to him as a daughter.' Many millions have loved the Bible, but we question if any one surpassed or equalled Bunyan in the depth and fervour of his love. Many have framed concordances, and made entire transcriptions of it, but Bunyan's concordance was his memory, and it lay all transcribed, every word and syllable of it, in his heart.

Bunyan's theology is now despised by many who admire his genius; and yet, when stripped of the phraseology and severed from the mistakes of his age, his book seems to contain the best, clearest, and boldest exhibition of truth ever given by uninspired man. Man's anomalous condition by nature—the fearful and hereditary woe which hangs over his cradle—the dark something, call it a rent, or fissure, or fatal flaw, which mars his being *ab origine*—the God-inspired thirst for light, safety, and a sublimer existence which comes over him—the struggles through which this feeling must be born—the worthlessness of mere human merit—the importance of the Spirit's teaching—the power of a simple-minded faith in divine revelation—the glorious lines of truth and beauty, which, rising from earth, and stooping from heaven, meet and converge in the cross—the doctrine of atonement, shining, in the shape of an uplifted lamb through the darkness of a guilty earth—the importance of humility—the progressive character of the Christian life—the warlike attitude of the Christian himself—the resistance he meets at every step—the fate of the miserable pretenders to his faith and walk, who entangle and annoy him—his constant dependence upon supernatural aid—his feebleness and frequent falls—the personal character of real Christianity—the increasing clearness of his path—the certainty of his coming to his journey's end—the fact that the complexion of his deathbed is determined by that of his life, and the type which the individual believer forms of the history of the church as a whole; these are some of the important truths which, apart from special dogmas, are presented in the pictured page of Bunyan. But

how they seem to live, and move, and swell, and fructify there! How different from the dry catalogues, and dead rattling autumn-leaves of our catechisms and creeds. Let our theological students burn their systems, and apply themselves to John Bunyan. They often lose the Christian path in mazes, or sink it in marshes, or carry it along roads uniformly flinty; he invests it with the vitality, the variety, and the beauty of real life; and whether it be with a sunbeam or a flash of lightning, or a glare of hell-fire, or the chiaro-scuro of death's valley, that he shows that narrow way, it is always clear, as if cut out now in blackest ebony, and now in whitest ivory; but in both distinct and vivid as the 'terrible crystal, and the body of heaven in its clearness.'

We pass now from Bunyan's general qualities to his writings, although our space warns us to be rapid in our remarks. We shall omit his theological treatises, properly so called, and also his minor allegories, such as 'The Life and Death of Mr. Badman.' The 'Visions of Heaven and Hell,' usually printed in his works, are decidedly not his; their better passages are in style above him, and their worse are in spirit beneath him. The author, our readers will remember, introduces Hobbes into hell, and minutely describes his punishment and feelings there. The Bunyan of the 'Pilgrim,' even had he seen that spirit in torment, would, like his own heroes near the open mouth of the pit, have passed on in silent awe and sorrow. 'The Visions of Heaven,' again, are apparently written by a scholar, who quotes Milton, and rounds splendid sentences. We confine ourselves to the 'Grace Abounding,' the 'Holy War,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

The first is his heart turned inside out—is his inner history minutely and lingeringly portrayed; this lifts it far out of the sphere of mere art; literary merit it has hardly any; the little chapters into which it is divided are successive throbs of his big heart. The strangest thing about it is the clearness and self-possession, which not only distinguish his record of his past sufferings, but which have evidently been with him through every step of the terrible process. It is as though a madman were to feel with his own finger his pulse while at the wildest; it is as though a martyr in a burning fiery furnace were to measure his paces through the fire, or to count the minutes of his agony. Bunyan proves himself equal for tasks like these. All the agonized experiences of his heart—its tumults—its treacherous quiet—its fluctuations, so speedy, between the tempest and the calm—its trances, dreams, and strange imaginings, have been observed, as by some calm collateral eye, and have been jotted down, as by the firm

finger of a bystander. That eye and that finger are those, in fact, of Bunyan's own clear and powerful intellect, which had the art of standing aside from the fierce rush of his fancy, and of beholding, remembering, and registering its whirling words, and yet wilder conceptions. It is conscious frenzy, a fearful gift, only possessed by two or three since Bunyan, one of whom, strange to tell, was Rousseau.

Bunyan's confessions, however, unlike Rousseau's, are almost entirely of spiritual sin and spiritual struggle. His sins were all of the spirit and none of the flesh. Whatever ardour there might be originally in his temperament, was soon drained out of it, into the reservoirs of his imagination and heart, and these in their turn either slept or stormed, to the lulling zephyrs or the rushing blasts of his religion. Sore for a season is the contest around the wanderer between the sun and the wind; but the wind at last subsides, and the sun shining from a higher sphere, and burning with a purer blaze, sheds upon his path what seems only a mightier moonlight, a holier day, so soft is its warmth, so gentle its glare, and so shorn and meek its effulgence.

The life of the Christian is described in Scripture under many analogies. Three, however, are most common and most striking. It is now a race—('so run that ye may obtain'), now a walk—('walk ye as children of the light'), and now a battle ('fight the good fight of faith'). The two latter of these seem particularly to have struck Bunyan's imagination, and to prove it, he has written a book on each—the 'Holy War' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Which of these two books should be the better, was, we think, entirely a question of time. Had he written the 'Holy War' first, and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' last, the last had been first, and the first last. But ere he built up Mansoul, or marshalled around it those dark armies, he had, in some measure, exhausted his creative genius, emptied out his martial ardour, and strained the energies of the allegory itself, in the broad and manifold structure of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a book which, besides its peaceful pictures, contains the record of some contests which in fire and vigour Homer himself has not surpassed; and the praise of certain warriors, such as Valiant for Truth 'with his sword cleaving in blood to his hand'—worthy of the days when battle had its deity, and war might still be called divine.

And yet, though somewhat worn, the old parliamentary soldier enters on the 'Holy War' with marvellous spirit. It is a dream, less *vraisemblable*, less varied, less beautiful than the Pilgrim, but full of rugged power and unique purpose. There are florid wars as well as books, with fine and empty flourishes

of endeavour, with niding commanders and faint-hearted troops. Bunyan's is of a different kind. It is earnest, fierce; all scabbards tossed away, no armour for backs, and victory or death the watchword of the day. The field is wide and one—'Mansoul'—the hosts are twain—those who are called chosen and faithful, and those who are the serfs of sin and Satan. The commanders are also two, the Word made flesh, his garments dyed in blood, his eyes as a flame of fire, his face more marred than that of man, and the Prince of Darkness, with pride and fury, glaring through his miserable eyes, with the scars of thunder on his cheek, holding, in defiance, his garment of gloom around his scorched frame, and saying—'Evil, be thou my good;' and saying again—'What matter *where* if I be still the same?'—the result one; for it has been settled from everlasting that Mansoul shall be saved, Diabolus defeated, and 'that great country Universe' made as happy and beautiful as the throne round which it revolves. Let those who would see in what living fire, in what crowding figures—not of speech, but of action—in what bare yet burning words, and with what profusion of martial incident, and eloquence of martial dialogue, Bunyan tells this brief but pregnant tale, read his 'Holy War;' although, we fear, it lies now neglected as some old claymore, which once reeked at gory Culloden.

Not so with his 'Pilgrim's Staff.' *That* who has not seen and handled, and now wept over, and now worshipped, beside? Who has forgot his emotions on reading this wonderful book, which, for the first time, seemed to realize to him his early faith in Christianity? It is to us, at least, an era in our life. We read it beside our mother's knee; and never can we forget the Dreamer, or that road which his genius has mapped out for evermore. Never can we forget the cave where he dreamed the dream—the Man with the Book in his Hand—the Slough of Despond—the Apparition of Sleep—Pliable turning to the wrong Side—the Starry Wicket-gate shining through the darkness—the cliffs of Sinai overhanging the bewildered wanderer—the Interpreter's house with its wondrous visions—the Man in the Cage—and Him, the Nameless, rising from the dream of the Judgment-seat—the Hill Difficulty, with the two dreary roads of Danger and Destruction diverging from its base—the arbour halfway up—the lions on the summit—the House called Beautiful—that very solitary place, the Valley of Humiliation—that 'other place,' the Valley of the Shadow of Death—the Town of Vanity—the green meadow called Ease—the dungeons of Despair—the Delectable Mountains—the short cut to hell—the Enchanted Ground—Beulah, that lovely land where the sun shineth night and day

—the Dark River, over which there is no bridge—the ridges of the Everlasting Hills rising beyond ! Never can we forget even the little well-worn copy of ‘Cooke’s Classics,’ with its dark binding, its crude prints, and its torn-out leaves here and there, which contained the precious treasure, and on which we can hardly now think or look, without tears—so deeply are joys and sorrows, with which no stranger may intermeddle, bound up and blended with its memory.

We may sum up what we have further to say of the ‘Pilgrim,’ under some remarks on its pictures, its characters, its scenes, and the comparative merits of its two parts.

It is the only perfect picture-book in literature. Every page of it might be illustrated ; nay, is illustrated already by the painter’s hand. Many of its pictorial points have had full justice done to them by artists, but there are still two or three we have never seen successfully represented, if even attempted at all. One is the interior of the City of Destruction. Who, going to work on the hints dropped by Bunyan, shall paint us the Lust-lanes, Murder-alleys, Theft-corners, and broad Blasphemy-squares of that fearful place, with the lightnings ever and anon dipping down into its midst, and with the scowl of heaven forming a permanent and prophetic blackness over its walls ? Then there is Beelzebub’s Castle lowering over against the bright Wicket-gate, with one solitary watchman pacing along its battlements, night and day, haggard with his eternal vigil, and calling, as each new pilgrim approaches, on his archers to take their aim. Then there is Turnaway, brought back by devils, and with the words inscribed on his back, ‘Wanton Professor and Damnable Apostate.’ And, in fine, there is still waiting for representation the FACE of Ignorance, with the blank of vacuity and the blackness of darkness mingling in its expression, as he is refused admittance at the gate, and told, that he who could scarcely go forward, must be taken in a whirlwind *back* !

The variety of the characters in this book is wonderful, and the vividness of their portraiture. So is the intensity of the individualism of all and each, even of those who represent large classes of men. But perhaps the most surprising thing is the liking Bunyan entertains and makes us entertain for all of them. It is so with all creators. But it is less strange in mere artists, like Shakspeare and Scott, than in one whose art was subordinate to his earnestness. Whatever be the cause, the effect is certain. We may condemn, we must pity, but we do not, and cannot hate, one even of the vile and depraved characters introduced into this parable. We sigh behind Pliable ; we would box the ears of Obstinate, indeed, but we would box

him *onwards*; and we feel a sneaking kindness even for Worldly Wiseman, for Shame, for Adam the First, for Green-headed Ignorance, and his complaisant ferryman. Why? Because, first, their author unconsciously felt, and unconsciously wished us to feel, the same; because, secondly, all genius has covered, with a like catholic mantle, the basest and lowest of its handiworks, even as the sun dyes worlds and worms in the same radiance, and gilds the clouds of the sky, and the webs of the spider with the same gold; and because, thirdly, it must do so from its peculiar power, which is that of looking on a broad scale, and in a mild light, as if at the angle of all science, upon the affairs and productions of the universe.

There is but one character in the 'Pilgrim' for whom we profess a thorough detestation, and that because he not only refuses to be good, but ignores the possibility of all goodness, and the existence of God himself. This is *Old Atheist*. How well named! for there are no young Atheists. How hollow his laughter! And yet we have heard its echo again and again, from learned throats, too, in these miserable days of ours. But never did we enter into the perfect badness, the intricate abomination of the character, till we saw David Scott's picture of him. Just look at it a moment. There he stands in the way of the two simple-minded wanderers—tall—a very pyramid of scorn and pride, with fingers uplifted and snapping at the idea of a God and immortality; with long ears, as if listening, but *hearing nothing*; with eyes full of lust, deceitfulness, and malignity, as if the souls of two Voltaires had been shed into their sockets; and with words which you hear not, but seem to see entering into, and withering the very heartstrings of the pilgrims. It is a figure which might be divided among a multitude of modern sceptics. Poor dear David Scott! He knew not, when drawing this figure, what he did; for, alas! he lived in darkness, and he died a dupe to the shallowest system of Edinburgh philosophism, which yet impudently pretends to be a better *alias* of Christianity, nay, the only Christianity that ever existed!

The scenery of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is to us one of its dearest elements. We have often puzzled our brains to conceive, especially when in Bedfordshire, and looking at hills which you were tempted to kick out of your road, like husks in a pine-wood, how Bunyan, reared in a country so tame, and who, like poor Cowper, could never hope to see mountains till he saw them in heaven, has yet sketched an outline of scenery in the 'Pilgrim' so free, so varied, so bold, and so studded with lofty hills. Many green meadows, like Ease, he must have seen, and some evening landscapes from church towers, which

might have suggested Beulah, but where could he have studied for the deep solitary Valley of Humiliation, or the Valley of the Shadow of Death, or for the Delectable Mountains, where Mount Danger seems to tremble as it looks down its own tremendous precipices; where, from Mount Error, not momentary avalanches, but momentary *men*, are falling, to be crushed to atoms at the base; where, from Mount Caution are to be seen the blind wanderers among the tombs, remaining in the congregation of the dead; where, on Mount Marvel stands the man removing mountains by a word; where, on Mount Innocence appears he against whom Prudence and Ill-will are flinging their dirt in vain; and where, highest far, Mount Clear looks through crystalline air, right upward to the golden gates of the city. And then there is the Slough of Despond, and the shaggy Sinai, and the steep hill Difficulty, and the wild roaring torrent edging the grounds of Giant Despair and his frowning castle, and innumerable other outstanding points or pinnacles of scenic interest. Indeed, had the inspired tinker travelled in Scotland, had he visited the black gorge of Glencoe, had he gone up Glen Mirk alone as the shadows of evening were doubling its darkness, had he bathed after sunset in the dark waters of Loch Lea, had he stood on Loch-na-Gar and looked down through mist on the eternal snow lying in its clefts, or on the lonely lakes surrounding its base, or had he on the summit of Ben MacDhui, seen the awful array of giants which seem absolutely to press on each other, and make the spot the 'Meeting of the Mountains,' with one tarn, dark and deep as a murderer's eye, watching the precipices which rise to three thousand feet on three of its sides, he would not have better painted the wilder and grander scenes in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' As he did none of this, so much the stronger evidence has he given of the force and the rich resources of his own genius.

The first part of the 'Pilgrim' may be called the Iliad, and the second the Odyssey of Bunyan's genius. There are in the one more sublimity, boldness, and wealth; in the other more tenderness, sweetness, and beauty. The road in the first part is travelled by sunlight, chequered indeed with clouds, but producing bold masses of light and shadow; in the second, the sweet still light of a full moon rests on the whole landscape. The second has no such Dantesque pictures as the Man in the Cage—no such Homeric contest as that with Apollyon—no such romantic episode as that of Giant Despair—no such exquisite satiric sketch as that of Talkative—no such happily conceived series of adventures as those of Faithful—no one character so well sustained as Ignorance, and no one death scene like that

of Christian and Hopeful. The gloss, too, is in some measure off the subject, and the road has not quite the same freshness of glory.

But then, in the second part, there is the matchless female character of Mercy; there are the boys, dear little fellows, diversifying the road with their fine prattle; there is one rich peep into the gossip and scandal of the City of Destruction, where Mrs. Timorous, Lady Bats-Eyes, &c., play their parts; there is that jewel of a man Mr. Brisk; there is the Valley of Humiliation shown in a new and more congenial light, with a boy resting and singing on that lonely sward, where erst Apollyon had spread his dragon wings; there is the gradual gathering in of tributary pilgrims to swell the general current, which at last fords the black river; there are old Honest and Valiant-for-Truth—there is the storming of Doubting Castle, and there is the characteristic passage of each pilgrim through the waters, especially that of Much-afraid, who goes over singing, but no one could tell the words of her song, for it is the language of the spirit-world, already trembling on her dying tongue. It is wonderful how Bunyan has passed over the same road twice without in one instance repeating or imitating himself, but pouring out, at every turning, from his overflowing invention, new incidents, new characters, new meaning, and new life. In the ‘Odyssey,’ Homer has changed the scene, the hero, the mode of life, perhaps the age, and thus easily secured variety to his second work. Bunyan has dared, in both his parts, the difficulties of the same scene of similar characters, and a similar moral, and has not dared them in vain.

In those works allegory came to its culmination, and has since declined. We have had no great work in this style since. The best allegories of later days have been the short papers of Addison, who has caught much of Bunyan’s spirit, and of his simplicity of style, and has added a quiet mellow-ness of colouring all his own. Johnson’s are in general too turgid and laboured; his best thing of this sort, the ‘Vultures,’ is rather a fable than an allegory. The express imitations of Bunyan (with the exception of the history of Tender-Conscience, which is very interesting, and has one splendid description, that of the Cave of Contemplation) are contemptible.

Bulwer has some forcible allegories in the ‘Student;’ Edgar Poe has left one or two striking, almost sublime, dreams of a mystical description. And there are many others, we believe, scattered through our periodical literature. But we think that the time has nearly arrived for a new allegory adapted to the

age, and expressing the deep cravings, wild wanderings, peculiar temptations, and only possible resting-place of sincere religious thinkers at present. Such an allegory, if thoroughly well executed, would do more than many elaborate treatises to show us our present state of progress, would say things which formal statement could not say, would dart a broad light upon some of the dark and difficult places of our present road, would turn our perplexities, our uncertainties, and divine despairs into beauty, our groanings, that cannot be uttered, into music, and if it did not calm, might brighten the waves of our tempest-tost era. The hour is well nigh come for such a work, but where is the man?

We need scarcely say, that we heartily welcome the edition of Bunyan's Works announced at the head of this article. It is one of the best republications of the day, and the manner in which it is brought out reflects great credit both on its publisher and editor. It is 'got up' in handsome style, with numerous embellishments, and at a price which places it within the reach of most readers. The editorship, moreover, has been entrusted to a gentleman, whose profound attachment to Bunyan, and unwearied diligence in the collection of previous editions of his works, pre-eminently qualify him for the task. No doubt will be entertained on this point by any one acquainted with his edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

'An ardent admiration,' he tells us, 'of all Bunyan's works led me to collect the earliest editions, and I read with the highest gratification his sixty-two treatises. For more than half a century they have beguiled many leisure hours, and, at the request of valued friends, I have agreed to devote a few years of the decline of life to venture upon editing a new and complete collection of these important works. They will all be accurately reprinted from the author's own editions, in a handsome form, with suitable embellishments. No expense or labour has been, or will be spared, to raise, upon a solid foundation, a lasting monument to the fame of John Bunyan, and to render it worthy of his memory; at the same time, it will be easily accessible to the poor. Every treatise will be accompanied with an introduction and notes. All obsolete words, or ancient customs, will be carefully explained and illustrated.'

It is matter of surprise that such a work should have been reserved to our day. The great popularity of Bunyan would have led us to expect the early appearance of a uniform edition of his works: but their homely style, combined with the absurd prejudices entertained respecting him as an illiterate preacher, operated against their general acceptance, while the difficulties which arose on the score of copyright delayed their publication, until original editions became so rare as to escape the most diligent research. It is much to the honour of Mr. Offer that

he has rescued from oblivion four treatises which have never appeared in any former collection of the works of our great allegorist.

Soon after the death of Bunyan an attempt was made to collect and publish his complete works, by his friends Doe, Wilson, and Chandler; but the question of copyright prevented the completion of their design, and the first volume, therefore, containing twenty-two treatises, alone appeared in 1692. A second edition, in two volumes folio, comprising forty-seven treatises, was published in 1737; and a third, in 1767-8, containing forty-nine pieces, with a hearty recommendation by George Whitefield. Various other editions were issued from time to time, until, in 1784, Mr. Alexander Hope published a more complete collection than any of his predecessors.

Mr. Offer has prepared himself for his work with most exemplary diligence. His researches have been unwearied. Nothing has been neglected which could throw light on the history and opinions of Bunyan, or aid in restoring his text to its original purity. Labor which most would deem wearisome—the very drudgery of literature—has been submitted to, in order that his hero might appear in proper style before the public. His pains-taking has been well rewarded, and we thank him—honestly and warmly—for the service he has rendered. An introduction to each treatise is furnished, ‘giving an account of the time and circumstances under which it was originally published, with its design, and method of treating the subject.’ The table of contents is also furnished with a brief analysis of the works, and, at the close of the third volume, a general index will be supplied.

The edition is issued in parts, and is expected to consist of about twenty-two, price two shillings each. The first and second volumes are now before us; and the third, containing Bunyan’s ‘Allegorical Works,’ is in the course of publication. On its appearance, we shall again call attention to this edition, and in the meantime, recommend it most cordially to our readers. It cannot fail to be the standard edition, and is every way worthy to be so. Should it be the means—as we hope it will—of attracting more general and studious regard to the writings of Bunyan, it will confer a benefit on our age and nation not easily surpassed.

ART. II.—*Africa Redeemed; or, The Means of her Relief illustrated by the Growth and Prospects of Liberia.* London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1851.

2. *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, May, June, and October, 1849.

3. *Annual Report of American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.* New York. 1850.

4. *North Star*, May 22nd, 1850.

5. *Pennsylvania Freeman*, May 29th, 1850.

6. *New York Weekly Tribune*, May and June, 1850.

THE volume which we have placed first at the head of this article, is got up in a taking form. Its title, binding, letter-press and illustrations set off the matter to advantage; and should the American Colonization Society, or its child Liberia, fail to enlist the sympathies of Britons, it will certainly not be for lack of a most alluring picture presented in the pages of 'Africa Redeemed.'

We feel somewhat at a loss to form a definite opinion of Liberia, from the fact that it owes its origin and advancement to the American Colonization Society, though it is now in an independent position. After a careful review of the history of the colony and of the society, we have arrived at the conclusion, that, as regards the continent of Africa, and especially the western coast, hitherto the head-quarters of the slave trade, the new republic is a hopeful, and, so far, a successful, experiment. So palpable have been the social as well as the commercial advantages held out by Liberia to the neighbouring populations, that no less than 240,000 natives, comprising entire tribes, with their sovereigns, have placed themselves under the government of this little republic, while the slave-hunting tribes are kept in awe. But as regards the voluntary immigration of men of colour from the United States, Liberia furnishes no adequate inducement. Of the citizens, 2000 only were free before they left the States; the remainder being emancipated slaves, whose freedom, obtained in many cases by severe extra labour, was clogged with the condition of quitting the American soil. As we have the conviction that British philanthropists are being imposed on by highly-coloured statements, not only to aid Liberia, but indirectly to strengthen the American Colonization Society in its wicked persecution of American men of colour, we shall endeavour to give as explicit an account as possible of the rise and progress, the moving principle, the actual character, and present position of that society.

When the United States Republic was organized in 1787, the number of slaves was three quarters of a million. A suitable opportunity was then afforded for legislating with a view to the extinction of slavery; but it was allowed to pass in the expectation that the influence of the free states, and the manifest superiority of free labour, would bring about its gradual abolition. The spirit both of the 'Declaration of Independence,' and of the 'Constitution of the United States,' as well as contemporary history, indicate this distinctly enough.

Jefferson's famous proviso, 'that, after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said (additional) states, otherwise than in the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted to have been personally guilty,' was adopted by a decided vote of Congress in 1787; and even Mr. Webster has repeatedly acknowledged that the original compromise applied only to the thirteen states, and that Congress was not justified in authorising its extension into those afterwards formed.*

From the 'Constitution,' Art. I. § 9, it appears that 'the power of Congress was recognised to prohibit the migration and importation of slaves, not only into new states, but also into the original thirteen states after the year 1808; but the extraordinary and shameful compromise by which the Southern slave-holders were entitled to a representation for three-fifths of their slaves, has prevented to this day the fulfilment of the intentions of Washington and his noble compeers.

Not only were new states admitted on the basis of slavery and slave representation, but the inter-state slave trade, with every such addition, received an amazing impetus, and this at the very time when the planters denounced the African slave-trade, and heaped anathemas on Britain for her legacy of slaves.

Contemporaneously with the rapid increase of slaves, arose a new element of perplexity and alarm to the slave-holding community—we refer to the rising numbers and intelligence of the free-coloured people. Their presence in the slave states must prove a hindrance to the chattel system of forced labour; and it has accordingly been the general policy of the slave-holders to annoy them in every possible way. The difficulty would not be so great, if the constitutions of the various free states dealt fairly with the coloured man; but unhappily for him (and we must add, yet more unhappily for the white citizens of those states), not even in Russia, or in Hindostan,

* See Speeches of Daniel Webster, at Buffalo and Albany, May, 1851.

does such pride of caste, such petty intolerance, such insolent assumption prevail. He is a *marked* man—a fugitive, though free—persecuted as was Abel—he is yet branded as another Cain.

It was under such circumstances that the American Colonization Society was formed at Washington in the beginning of 1817, chiefly, as it would appear, through the influence of Elias Caldwell, and other real friends of the negro race. The free people of colour, and not the slaves, were the parties proposed for the patronage of this society. For many years the scheme was regarded as very philanthropic, so much so that both Wilberforce and Clarkson gave a hearty welcome to the pioneers sent out to Africa; and even as late as 1830, the Tappans and William Lloyd Garrison were its supporters.

An excellent settlement was secured at Cape Mesurado, a bold tongue of land, rising 250 feet above the level of the sea, which bounds it on the south-west; while on the north-east flows the Mesurado river, about midway between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas. The first settlement was called Monrovia, after President Monroe; and in the course of years a number of other flourishing settlements were formed along the coast and up the various rivers, as new lots of land were purchased, or voluntarily surrendered by the neighbouring tribes. By an Act of the United States' Congress, 3rd March 1819, a government agency was appointed for the purpose of receiving 'all negroes, mulattoes, and persons of colour,' rescued from slavers by commanders of United States armed vessels, which has proved of essential service on various occasions, especially in the case of the 756 negroes rescued from the slaver 'Pons.'

In the meanwhile, the 'tribes along the coast were anxious to be on friendly and commercial terms with neighbours at once so powerful and so peaceful (as the Liberian colonists). The Dey chiefs made grievous complaints, because the influence of the Colony began to injure the slave trade; for it soon became evident that, wherever its influence extended, a more healthy and peaceful trade sprang up in its stead.' In 1827, the citizens of Monrovia sent an address to the coloured people in America, explanatory of their condition and prospects, from which we extract the following:—

'We are proprietors of the soil we live on, and possess the rights of freeholders. Our suffrages, and, what is of more importance, our sentiments and our opinions, have their due weight in the government we live under. Our laws are our own, framed for our exclusive benefit, and administered either by officers of our own appointment, or such as possess our confidence. We have a judiciary chosen from among ourselves. We serve as jurors on the trial of others, and are liable to be tried ourselves

only by jurors of our fellow-citizens. We have all that is meant by liberty of conscience. Forming a community of our own, in the land of our forefathers, having the commerce, soil, and resources of the country at our disposal, we know nothing of that debasing inferiority with which our very colour stamped us in America.'

Defensive war they have been compelled to maintain on various occasions, when the very existence of the colony was imperilled, and, indeed, with such blood-thirsty kings as Gatumba, and such tribes as the Dahomans, who attack only to enslave or to destroy, we cannot see either the wisdom or the right of non-resistance.

A virtuous tone of feeling seems to have pervaded the community from the first. Captain Outerbridge of the 'Rover' remarks,—'I heard not a word of ill fame while I was at Monrovia, among the Americans; for it appeared to me they had left off that practice, as well as drinking. You will see them all going to church on Sunday, three times a day, and they appear very strict in their devotions. You cannot get a man to work on Sunday for love or money.' Mutual labour schools, lyceums, benevolent societies, educational and religious institutes, have sprung up and kept pace with the increasing population.

As the settlements planted by the different State Colonization Societies of America continued in some measure under their control, and often came into collision with each other, 'it was thought expedient to unite them by one constitution, under one efficient government, granting to the settlers a greater degree of power than they had hitherto exercised, and accustoming them to the responsible duties of sovereignty.'

The following are among the articles in the new constitution:—

'Art. 1st. The legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Governor and Council of Liberia; but all laws enacted by them shall be subject to the revocation of the Colonization Society. Art. 20th. There shall be no slavery in the Commonwealth. Art. 21st. There shall be no dealing in slaves by any citizen of the Commonwealth, either within or without the bounds of the same. Art. 23rd. The right of trial by jury, and the right of petition shall be inviolate. Art. 25th. Every male citizen of the age of 21 shall have the right of suffrage. Art. 26th. All elections shall be by ballot.'

This constitution was accepted by the colonists, though we are told, 'some demurred at the *veto* power of the governor.' Amongst the earliest acts of the new legislature, which held its first session in September, 1839, was one providing for the support and maintenance of aged widows, destitute orphans, poor persons, and invalids, from the public treasury, provision being

made for their occupation in industrial pursuits, and for education. In each county of the Commonwealth asylums were to be formed on this principle.

The common school system of New England was also introduced. From the very commencement of the colony, every parent was required to educate his children, and if poverty prevented, aid was rendered from the public treasury; and the coloured pupils, natives as well as emigrants, seem to have proved apt scholars. Mr. Williams, a coloured missionary, who accompanied an embassy to King Boatswain, in 1834, writes as follows:—

‘ During the protracted residence of the commissioners at court, I employed my leisure time in teaching a school of fourteen persons, from the ages of seven to fifty years. Their proficiency was truly astonishing; and, in the space of six weeks, boys who had never seen a book, nor could speak a word of English, were in words of five syllables. Their attention was most regular, and their deportment correct. The eldest pupil was a Mandingo, who, when he found it difficult to retain the English sound, would write it in the Arabic characters, and by that means was enabled to pronounce it accurately.’—p. 132.

Mr. Wilson, teacher at the White Plains Settlement, bears similar testimony.

There are now in Liberia about thirty places of worship, and as many Sabbath and day-schools. The scholars exceed 2000 in number, and of these a considerable proportion are native Africans. The communicants in the various churches comprise some hundred native converts, either rescued from the slave-traders, or belonging to the contiguous tribes, in addition to a larger number from among the emigrants. Mission stations in connexion with the colony, have been established in the wilderness. As a sample, we extract the following from the pages of ‘Africa Redeemed:’—

‘ Shall we take a peep at Mr. Ivory Clarke, another excellent missionary of the Baptist denomination? King Joe Harris had long wanted a man to come and teach his people “book.” Joe offered to build a house for anybody who would come. At last, Mr. Clarke made a journey to his town, where he preached upon the creation. Joe and his people listened very attentively. After Mr. Clarke had finished, the king wanted to tell what he had always thought about it. “God made, first time,” said he, “white man, den white woman; den black man, den black woman. God den hold out his hands—book in one, rice and palm-oil in other—choose which, you both? White man choose book; black man choose rice and palm-oil. Book tell white man how get everything else; black man never get nothing but rice and palm-oil. I want you come teach book to me—my people—then we get more.”’—p. 173.

When Mr. Clarke explained the treasures which the book

unfolded, the poor creatures seemed touched by the life and death of Jesus. 'Preach more—more book,' they cried. Several missionaries were sent over to Liberia by the Presbyterian Board, to 'preach more—more book.'

Again, p. 206 :—

'Preaching being again re-established among the tribes, a renewed desire was manifested, on the part of the natives, to receive Christian instruction. Great numbers of native children were sent to Liberia to attend school, even from places as remote as Bo Poro. "I sen' you my picca-ninnie. I want you for keep him, larn him white man fash; s'pose him no larn, flog him." Mr. Elijah Johnson, in extending his missionary tours, found the people everywhere begging, "When you go, bring that God palavar to my town." In some cases, the head men did not reciprocate the wishes of the people, lest God's palaver might entirely destroy the influence of the Devil's Bush, which they considered necessary in order to keep their wives in proper subjection. The women, with the quick perception of their sex, beheld all the advantages which God's palaver had in store for them, and only pled for it more earnestly.'

It was the earnest effort of the Liberian government to break up the traffic in slaves, both by negotiation with the various tribes, and by aiding to suppress the hideous barracoons along the coast. On more than one occasion the colony was placed in imminent peril, while her small military force was in conflict with unprincipled white slave-traders and the native chiefs. The principal articles of peace at the close of such conflicts, were always that the chiefs would never deal in slaves again, or enter in any way into the slave-trade. Such was the case with Bah Gsay, a notorious slave-dealer and famous warrior, who gave up at once the slaves in his possession, and ultimately incorporated himself and his people with the Liberian commonwealth.

'The feeling began extensively to prevail (among the tribes) that in Liberia, and in Liberia alone, were they secure from the liability of being seized and sold into slavery.'

One grand source of all these wars was to be found in two great slave-marts, the Lesters and Gallinas, the one seventy miles south-east, and the other as far north-west of Monrovia. Theodore Canot and Don Pedro Blanco were at the head of these establishments, and supplied to the native kings in league with them abundant arms and ammunition.

'Their factories and barracoons (eight in number) were extensive and strongly defended; slaves were bought with goods amounting to about 20 dollars, and sold at Cuba for 350. To give some idea of the immense profit arising from this traffic, a slaver took a cargo of 900 slaves at Gallinas, landed 800 at Cuba, and cleared 200,000 dollars, free of all

expenses.' 'The vicinity of the slave-marts was highly injurious to the interests of the colony; "and no truth is more certain," said Governor Buchanan, in one of his despatches, "than that, sooner or later, we must fight the slavers, or surrender the high principles upon which we have planted ourselves." In 1840, Captain Denman, of the British navy, stormed and completely destroyed these strongholds of the slave-trade. "Previous to the settlement of Liberia, the mouths of the rivers Mesurado, St. Paul, and St. John, were the greatest marts for slaves on the windward coast. Thousands came annually down those streams for transportation. Now, those rivers are used by the husbandmen to bring their produce to Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Edina, and the negro paddles his light canoe in safety, protected by the stout arm, the free strong heart, of this Christian colony.'—'Africa Redeemed,' pp. 198, 199.

In Commodore Perry's despatches to the Secretary of the United States Navy, he says—'As far as the influence of the colonists has extended, it has been exerted to suppress the slave-trade; and their endeavours in this respect have been eminently successful. And it is by planting these settlements (whether American or European) along the whole extent of coast from Cape Verde to Benguela, that the exportation of slaves will be most effectually prevented.'

It thus appears, that in two most important particulars, Liberia is likely to prove a blessing to Africa—as a nucleus of Christian civilization for the western coast, and as an important, and we may say essential, element in putting down the slave-trade. We must mention another way in which this colony may be made greatly conducive, commercially, to the benefit of Africa, and politically to the ultimate emancipation of her kidnapped sons. We refer to the cultivation of cotton, sugar, and coffee, at present the staple produce of the slave states of the North American Union, of Cuba, and of Brazil. This brings us at once to the point which we have had before us all along—the point of Liberia's divergence from the real aims of the American Colonization Society. It may appear to some that we have been all this while virtually endorsing the claims of that society upon the patronage of the friends of Africa and of the slave. Not at all: we have, as we conceive, made out a strong case in favour of the capacities of the coloured race for education, industrial pursuits, citizenship, self-government, moral and religious advancement, in a manner and to a degree which should put their defamers to the blush. We say, once for all, that the idle vagabond negroes in some of the American cities are in great measure involuntary outcasts, degraded and debased by a jaundiced public opinion, trammelled and bound down by laws and usages which cannot but hinder their social and moral elevation. They are by no means a fair specimen of the coloured race. We venture, from the prosperity of the com-

monwealth of Liberia, to derive a conclusion favourable to the abolition of caste in the United States. If 2000 coloured freemen, and 5000 emancipated slaves, with so few advantages, amidst so many difficulties, have done so well, what is to prevent the half-million coloured freemen and the three millions of slaves on their own American soil, to develop the same capacities, equal justice being done to them? The Colonization Society has, from the commencement, contrived to conciliate the slaveholders of the Southern States, and has had, we believe, slaveholders always in its constituency. Its president for many years past has been Henry Clay, of Kentucky; and the avowed sentiments of many leading supporters of the society put it beyond doubt that the main object of the scheme is, to render the solution of the slave question, if possible, more easy. Mr. Clay would argue that the presence of freemen of colour, especially in the Slave States, is a positive hindrance to the emancipation, which he may think desirable some fifty years to come; but other slaveholders, yet more *interested* than he in the perpetuation of the system, would zealously push on the scheme of expatriation, under the guise of voluntary emigration, throwing dust into the eyes of abolitionists, and propping up all the while, and all the more, their selfish, grasping, and inhuman 'domestic institution' of slavery. Considering the religious profession they make, their guilt appears to us more flagrant, and their hypocrisy more impudent, even than that of Pedro Blanco at Gallinas, who argued, in favour of *his business*, 'that the condition of the natives is greatly improved by a removal to Christian countries, and that he was effecting more good than all the missionaries in Africa, inasmuch as they convert comparatively few to Christianity, while he sends thousands yearly where the sound of the gospel could reach them, and the influence of Christian institutions could mould their characters and affect their hearts.' But these would-be philanthropists affect to despair of such obtuse understandings and such debased hearts as attach to coloured people ever becoming moulded like the white man's. The influence of the numerous Christian institutions in the United States having been, of course, fully brought to bear upon them (!) has proved powerless; but transported beyond the seas, observe what they will become! Passing strange it is that such sophists feel not the strong rebound of their argument upon themselves. If American Christianity is not only so powerless for good, but, if we are to believe them, so powerful for harm, could a stronger argument be advanced for immediately removing this generation of slaves *en masse* from their surveillance, lest, haply, a new race of planters should arise of another mind?

We look for a peaceable solution of the slave question in the United States, as a means to which it must be Britain's part to promote, in every possible way, the cultivation of free labour produce, and this especially along the African coast, where emigrants have not to be brought from a distance, acclimated, and overworked, as in the West Indies, but where millions of native Africans can be obtained as labourers at low wages. It has been found that 'for every 300 men made available by the slave trade to the Cuban and Brazilian planters, Africa loses 1000; or the proportion may be stated as three to ten;' and in seven years these three are also gone.

Three slaves in Cuba labouring (at the maximum)	18 hours per day	=	54 hours
Ten freemen in Africa	" " 5½ " "	=	55 "

Now as there are 160,000,000 in Africa to 8,000,000 of slaves throughout the Western World, and as the slave-trade is likely to receive a decisive check by such colonies as Liberia, were Britain once to set on foot an extensive system of plantations along the west coast of that continent, avowedly with the view of discontinuing the use of slave-labour produce, slavery itself would become too unprofitable to be maintained any longer. In an appendix to 'Africa Redeemed' are copious extracts from some lectures by Professor Christy, of Ohio, containing much valuable information on this subject, though mixed up with some of the expediency notions of the London 'Economist.' One of his propositions is—'That Africa is the principal field where free labour can be made to compete successfully with slave labour in the production of exportable tropical commodities.' It appears that 'the colonists of ability can secure from the natives all the labour necessary, at very low wages. This is now so well understood as to discourage those emigrants from the United States who desire to go as day-labourers.* . . . If the products of free labour can be increased, they will displace an equal amount of the products of slave labour. This will diminish the demand for slaves, and, consequently, lessen the extent of the slave-trade. But the hands now employed in free labour cannot, to any great degree, increase their products, even at the present cost; and things must remain as they now are until additional free labour is elsewhere employed. These additional labourers, willing to work for low wages, can only be found in sufficient numbers among the teeming population of Africa,' (p. 277.) It is easy to see that

* Mark, however, the bearing of this on American colonization. No emigrants dependent on labour are wanted, and yet the great proportion of emigrants are likely to be of this class; and if none but native labour is employed, will not the inevitable tendency be to create caste?

Professor Christy's remarks are all based on the assumption, that the day is far distant when slavery will be abolished in the United States. 'Interrupt,' he says, 'the kidnapping of slaves from Africa, and no new field can be found to supply the market.' This might seem true, were there not in the United States themselves a slave-trade, truly described by Mr. Macaulay, (Speech on the Sugar Question, Feb. 26, 1845,) as 'more odious and more demoralizing than that which is carried on between the coast of Africa and Brazil.' And yet this professor has the hardihood to maintain that these slaveholders are no more guilty than those who consume the produce of slave labour. Britain is unhappily at present dependent on slave labour for many important articles of consumption; and the sooner we are rid of this odium and indirect stimulus to slavery, the better; but we may well retort on such accusers—'Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.'

We say, then, to colonizationists, and to all avowed friends of the negro race in America—When you have destroyed your own slave-trade and your own slavery, then it will be time for you to denounce the conduct of others. Let American philanthropists seek to increase the products of free labour on *American* soil, so as to compete with and displace the products of slave labour. Let them prove to the slaveholder that free labour is really the cheapest in the end—that free men of colour would do better work than slaves in half the time. The *gradual* emancipation advocated by colonizationists would only increase the number of the unemployed, so long as the planters obstinately cling to their accursed system; for they discourage in every way they can the manumitted negroes. No such difficulty would be felt in the United States, as that which seemed to necessitate the introduction of immigrants to cultivate the West Indian plantations. The freed negroes would have a stimulus to labour arising from competition, not only with their own race, but with the multitudes of Europeans constantly pouring into the States; and if Mr. Webster would propose the appropriation of the money derived from the sale of new land—not to transport free blacks to Africa, but to develop a better system of agriculture in the southern states by the employment of free labour, he would have some title to be regarded as a benefactor of his country.* How long are the real interests of the United States to be controlled by a clique of 150,000 slaveholders,

* Cotton raised by free labour in Tennessee has been manufactured at Manchester for three years past into fabrics of good quality.

drowning, by means of their shameful slave-representation, the voice of justice, and that of the community at large ?

Our remaining space must be devoted to an investigation into the real character of the Colonization Society. It may be well to state, in the outset, that the constitution has been three times changed, as it would appear, from motives of expediency, to enlist as much public sympathy as possible in its favour. It is a significant fact, that its principal office-bearers and supporters are still, as they have ever been, southerners and slaveholders. The object of the society, formally proposed, was the removal to 'another country of those among the coloured population, who were already free, or were expected to become free.' It has constantly maintained that emancipation and colonization must go hand in hand ; and it boasts that 'it has constantly disclaimed all intention whatever of interfering, in the smallest degree, with the rights of property, or the object of emancipation, gradual or remote.' The language of its first report is its language still : 'All emancipation, to however small an extent, which permits the persons emancipated to remain in this country, is an evil.' The Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, at the last annual meeting of the society, 'vowed that he would never be instrumental in procuring the emancipation of slaves again, unless the manumission was connected with their transmission to the land of their fathers.' By disclaiming all intention of interfering with 'the rights of property,' they give their virtual sanction to the inter-state slave-trade, with all its frightful atrocities—the buying and selling of negroes as chattels—the violent disruption of the dearest ties of relationship—the denial of 'all access to the fountains of knowledge and the light of life.' 'It is most painful,' says the 'Anti-slavery Reporter' (May, 1849), 'to read the terms applied to the coloured population, both free and bond, by the leading members of the society. As specimens we give the following:—they are "*the most degraded and most abandoned race upon the earth*"—"an anomalous race of beings, the most debased upon the earth, who hang as a vile excrescence upon society"—"nuisances"—"*ALIENS, political, moral, social aliens.*"' Yet it is proposed to transport these wretched beings, who, according to the estimate formed of them by the society, '*have been scarce reached in their debasement by the heavenly light*'—to civilize and christianize the African continent. The ground continually taken by the Society is the necessity of removing all the people of colour from the United States, because, according to them, it is impossible either to amalgamate them with the whites, or *raise* them to a civil and social equality. Mr. Lewis Tappan, the indefatigable Secretary of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, has furnished

most conclusive proofs that the spirit, objects, and aims of the Colonization Society are antagonistic to the real interests of the coloured race; and we need, therefore, do little more than refer to an article of his in the New York 'Congregationalist,' copied into the 'Anti-Slavery Reporter,' October, 1849, in which he fully establishes against the society the following grave charges:—

'1. The Colonization Society traduces the free blacks, sanctions and strengthens the existing prejudice against them, discourages and opposes their elevation in this country, and countenances oppression to induce emigration.

'2. The Colonization Society, in its publications, apologises for slavery, justifies the sin of slaveholding, and "cries peace" to all who perpetrate it.

'3. It tends to fortify the system of slavery, by making it easier, safer, more reputable, and more profitable, for masters to hold slaves; and it urges this tendency as a claim upon the patronage of slaveholders.

'4. It condemns immediate emancipation, and emancipation in any way which permits the emancipated to remain in this country.

'5. It denounces and vilifies all who advocate immediate emancipation.

'6. It opposes the instruction of slaves.

'7. It lowers the tone of public sentiment upon the subject of slavery, weakens the abhorrence of its abominations, and blunts public sympathy.

'8. It contemplates the forcible removal of the people of colour, and violates its own constitution. Even the president of the society (Hon. Henry Clay) recommends forcible expatriation as the condition of emancipation, the expense of which is to "be defrayed by a fund to be raised from the labour of each freed slave."

So much for Mr. Tappan's charges against the American Colonization Society and its auxiliaries—clearly showing them to be utterly unworthy of support from enlightened, philanthropic men.

The wishes of the coloured people themselves are never consulted by the society, while their feelings are outraged by shameful insinuations and the grossest libels. From the beginning they seem to have suspected the intentions of their would-be friends, and have repeatedly protested against the society, as inimical to the best interests of the coloured race. At a great meeting of the coloured citizens, held in New York, 23rd April, 1849, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

'Resolved, That the testimony of our generation of the people of colour is entirely, uniformly, and absolutely against the scheme of African colonization, and that their solemn testimony, peculiar to the history of this people, should be abundant evidence to all men that we will not remove to Africa, except by the exercise of force.

‘Resolved, That, as natives of the soil, we feel an affinity, an attachment thereto, which neither injury, oppression, nor insult, in the form of the American Colonization Society, or any other similar wicked scheme, can destroy; and it is our solemn determination, while life lasts, to be neither seduced nor driven from our homes.’

It would be strange if the Colonization Scheme was not opposed by the free people of colour, when it has strengthened the prejudices against them, and has induced various state legislatures to pass most oppressive laws, against their race.

In the ‘New York Tribune’ of April 24, 1850, an advocate of the society is candid enough to say—‘The great object is to get rid of the free coloured population, which is increasing rapidly in numbers, and is viewed with fear in the slave states, and antipathy throughout the whole Union. Many of the states have prohibited the admission of free negroes or mulattoes, and have authorized even the selling of the intruders into slavery.’ Some of the slave states threaten to remove their free coloured people by force, with the aid of the Colonization Society. The house of representatives of Georgia passed in 1849, by the strong vote of ninety-three to twenty-nine, a bill to repeal the law laying restrictions on the introduction of slaves into that state, while in the same house a resolution has been introduced, to remove all free negroes now in that state to the colony of Liberia. The resolution was referred to a select committee. In Virginia, the sum of 30,000 dollars is appropriated annually for five years, for the Liberian project, by act of legislature; and another act has been passed ‘to induce the free negroes of this commonwealth (Virginia) to emigrate therefrom,’ by which an annual tax of one dollar each is levied upon every free negro between the age of 21 and 55, to raise a fund to be added to the above appropriation. There are 30,000 free men of colour in that state. The ‘African Repository’—official organ of the Colonization Society—remarks on this, ‘It will be a matter of general joy among our various readers, that the above act has been passed by a decided majority in the Virginian legislature, and is now in full force. It is a grand moral demonstration of the immense importance of the work of colonization!’

Well may British philanthropists unite with the coloured people of the States in utterly repudiating the principles of the Colonization Society. The emphatic protest of Wilberforce, Lushington, Buxton, Macaulay, Gurney, Allen, and their associates, in 1833, against the Colonization Society, has greater force now than ever. They affirm it to be their ‘deliberate judgment and conviction, that the professions made by the Colonization

Society, of promoting the abolition of slavery, are altogether delusive.'

'Our objections to it,' they remark, 'are briefly these:—While we believe its pretexts to be delusive, we are convinced that its *real* effects are of the most dangerous nature. It takes its root from a cruel prejudice and alienation in the whites of America against the coloured people, slave or free. This being its source, the effects are what might be expected; that it fosters and increases the spirit of caste, already so unhappily predominant; that it widens the breach between the two races—exposes the coloured people to great practical persecution, in order to *force* them to emigrate; and, finally, is calculated to swallow up and divert that feeling which America, a Christian and free country cannot but entertain, that slavery is alike incompatible with the law of God and with the well-being of man, whether the enslaver or the enslaved.'

Kentucky, in great measure through the influence of the president of the Society, has followed the example of Virginia in proscribing the free people of colour. The same course has been pursued by the legislatures of Maryland, and even of the free states of Indiana and Illinois. One example will suffice. By the new constitution of Indiana, negroes and mulattoes are excluded from hereafter settling in that state. It has further decided, that all contracts with such persons shall be void; that any one employing them, or encouraging them to remain in the State, shall be liable to a fine of not less than 200, or more than 500 dollars; and that such fines shall be applied towards the gradual colonization of the negroes now in the State. Who does not see, after this, the real drift of the colonization scheme? It is to us from first to last a compromise project, and that, too, of the worst kind. The Society was founded in the Capitol at Washington;* it was connected indirectly with the United States' agency on the coast of Africa; by the protean shapes it has assumed, at successive times and in different states, it has succeeded in obtaining, during the thirty-four years of its existence, no less a sum than a million and a quarter dollars, of which 913,636 dollars have been thus expended:—'the National Society, in removing 6116 emigrants, at a cost of 149 dollars, 38 cents a-head.' The income for 1850-51 is stated at 64,000 dollars; and yet, notwithstanding the scheme has so palpably failed, and the cost of immigration is so great, its supporters are now urging Congress to establish a regular line of steamers to Liberia, at government expense; and Mr. Webster, in his time-serving policy, has proved so completely

* By the second article of its constitution, 'The Society shall act to effect its object in co-operation with the general Government, and such of the States as may adopt regulations on the subject.'

recreant to his former principles, that, in his speech in Congress, March 5th, 1850, he said:—‘If any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme of colonization, to be carried on by this government on a large scale, for the transportation of the free coloured people to any colony or to any place in the world, I shall be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object. . . . There has been received into the treasury of the United States 80,000,000 dollars, the proceeds of the public lands, ceded by Virginia, which have been already sold; and if the residue shall be sold at the same rate, the whole will amount to more than 200,000,000 dollars. Now, if Virginia and the South see fit to make any proposition to relieve themselves from the burden of their free coloured population, they have my free consent that this government should pay them out of these proceeds any sum of money adequate to that end.’ This speech seems to have struck the key-note to the State colonizationists, who have not been slow in urging such a policy on their respective legislatures. But the baseness of the proposal, no words that we could use are adequate to characterize. To enlist southern support to his candidature for the presidency, he not only gives his *imprimatur* to the infamous Fugitive Slave Bills, but actually offers a bonus to the slaveholders; for he must know as well as they do, that no measure could tend more effectually to perpetuate slavery. The influence of the free coloured people has already tended materially to elevate the mental and moral status of the slaves in many of the States—to elevate them in their own estimation, and in that of their masters, from the condition of *chattels* into that of *men*. But this state of things is, it seems, perilous to the satisfactory working of the slave system, and must therefore be by all means put an end to; and Mr. Webster gratuitously comes forward as their most potent ally. We shall expect, before long, to hear the formal proposal, that government forcibly expatriate all the free people of colour, supported by the casuistry of Mr. Webster, and of Henry Clay. We can fancy them pleading for the *necessity* of the measure, as the only means to perpetuate the union. But we trust they will plead in vain; and unless the great body of Americans are bankrupt in moral principle, we cannot believe that Daniel Webster, whatever other claims he may possess to public esteem, will ever be president of the United States.

From such speeches as Mr. Webster’s, from such legislative action as we have referred to, in various states, from the articles in various influential newspapers, especially the ‘African Repository,’ the ‘Union,’ the ‘Colonization Journal,’ the ‘Journal of Commerce,’ the ‘New York Herald,’ the ‘Christian

Observer,' the 'Philadelphia Bulletin and Herald,' it would seem that there is a wide and deep-laid conspiracy to expatriate the free people of colour. As a sample of the spirit of the press, we extract the following from the correspondence of the 'Philadelphia Bulletin.' After denouncing the coloured people as the vilest and most miserable dregs of society, as degraded by every vice, and incapable of any elevation in America, the writer continues:—

'The only method then of removing this social pest from our midst, *is by forcing them to emigrate.*' After referring to the law of Virginia, appropriating 30,000 dollars to colonize the free people of colour, he asks—'Now, cannot Pennsylvania follow in the same beaten track? At the least calculation, the free negroes, within the borders of this state, number 70,000 souls. A tax of one dollar per head would bring in a revenue of 70,000 dollars, available for colonization. This sum applied to such a purpose would not only check the increase of this unhappy people, but it would gradually work into the principal, and consequently diminish the increase and the increasing power. If a tax of one dollar should not be deemed sufficient, let two dollars be the amount, or three dollars; only for Heaven's sake, and the sake of these unhappy wretches, who are unable and unwilling to help themselves—*let us have some efficient plan of diminishing their numbers among us.* As for the mulattoes, degraded white men will finish the work for such as are unwilling to go to Mexico, and their identity will soon be lost. But the negro *must be forced* to leave us, or some day we will experience the reality of troubles of which, as a nation, he has lately given us a foretaste.'

This infamous proposal the 'Bulletin deliberately adopts and defends, declaring—'Without hesitation we endorse our correspondent's opinion, that, if the people of the United States should so will, government would be justifiable in colonizing the negroes, if necessary, *by force.*'

This is colonization in its true colours. And after such an exposure, we do most earnestly hope that neither Mr. Elliot Cresson, nor any of his colleagues, will meet with success in deluding the people of this country in support of so inhuman a scheme. The colonizationists, in common with their half-brothers of avowed pro-slavery principles, have had singular and alarming success in making evil appear as good, and good evil; and none more so than the recent converts. Dr. Samuel Cox, of Brooklyn, not many years ago, spoke of the hoax of civilization, but now lauds it to the skies. In 1836, he wrote in sanguine terms to a friend in England, of the organization of a grand philanthropic union for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade throughout the world; but in 1851, by his own account, when an Anti-Slavery Evangelical Alliance is proposed to be held in the United States, he writes back to England that 'Americans would not tolerate such an Evangelical Alliance as would exclude slaveholders, and that if they did, it would do no

good.' In his speech at the last annual meeting of the Colonization Society, at Tripler Hall, New York, he endeavoured to prove from the New Testament that slavery is *no sin*, and charged those who had caused the schism in the American churches 'by the rabid slavery agitation,' as being 'guilty of a like sin to that of Jeroboam, who created a division in the twelve tribes of Israel.' At the same meeting, Dr. Tyng declared of the Fugitive Slave Bill that '*he regarded it as indispensable to the existence of slavery.*' And the 'Colonization Journal' has all along given its covert advocacy to the bill. If such are the avowed sentiments of Christian ministers, we cannot be surprised at the deplorable exhibitions of unholy feeling in the very bosom of the church towards the down-trodden children of Ham. Were we in membership with such churches, we must in conscience secede, and thus enter our practical protest against the false teachings to which they virtually subscribe.

One of the most recent champions of civilization is Dr. Drake, of Ohio, who, in his letters to the 'National Intelligencer,' openly advocates the expulsion of the free-coloured people of the United States to Africa, and urges the right and duty of government to interfere for the purpose, offering to the coloured people the alternatives of banishment or slavery. What coming events are thus casting their dark and baleful shadows before? What new developments of inhumanity, of false philanthropy, of perjured Christianity, await us? Verily, these republicans make us tremble for the rights of men, which they are the foremost to trample beneath their feet. 'They know not what spirit they are of.' May the God of all nations withhold their hands from inflicting yet deeper and enduring wrongs on their unoffending countrymen, lest measures more shameful than the Fugitive Slave Bill be enacted, and lest, under the guise of philanthropy, more dreadful exhibitions of human wickedness and human sufferings pass before us than have been witnessed in this age of civilization, or even in barbaric times. The light in which the colonization scheme is regarded by the abolitionists will appear, not only from the paragraphs we have already quoted from the lucid statement of the secretary of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, but also from the following preamble, and resolutions adopted by the American Anti-Slavery Society, at their last annual meeting:—

'*Whereas*, It is manifest, from the recent proposals, inquiries and debates in the Congress of the United States—from the laws, resolutions, and appropriations of various State legislatures—from the proceedings of the last anniversary meeting of the American Colonization Society, as well as from many other circumstances and indications, that a new, gigan-

tic, and national effort is about to be made, to effect the expulsion from these shores of the free coloured population to the foreign and pestilential coast of Africa. *And whereas*, This nefarious and cruel scheme of wholesale expatriation is based upon the hypocritical, inconsistent, and infidel pleas that, '*Christianity cannot do for them* (the free coloured people) *here what it will do for them in Africa*,' and that the injuries inflicted on Africa, are to be repaired, '*by sending back to their original country a race of men endowed with all the attributes of civilization, Christianity, and the arts*.'

'*Resolved*, That of all the dwellers upon the continent of America not being aborigines, the coloured people have the clearest and most sacred title to a secure and unmolested habitation.

'That any proposition not emanating from the coloured people of these States, themselves, to colonize Africa through their expatriation, is an *insult*, a *wrong*, and an *outrage*, and ought to be resented as such by all just and generous persons. . . .

'That the American Anti-Slavery Society, called into existence to vindicate the rights of the coloured race upon this continent, and to extirpate the foul and infernal system of slavery, would again record its deliberate condemnation of the American Colonization Society, every development of whose spirit and design proves it to be the friend and ally of slavery, and the instrument of a proud, insolent, and fiendish prejudice, the legitimate offspring of that system which has made American—human—beasts of three millions of God's children, created for glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life.'

It only remains for us to mention two or three facts in connexion with Liberia, which cause us to entertain doubts as to its claims on philanthropic support, independent of its connexion with the American Colonization Society. Captain Forbes, in his recent work on 'Dahomey and the Dahomans,' Vol. I. p. 148, reports that, 'in Liberia, there is as much if not more domestic slavery—that is, the buying and selling of God's image—as in the parent States of America;' and 'that the model republic is, in reality, a new name and form of slavery in enslaved Africa.' This statement has been indignantly denied by the Committee of the Colonization Society, but reiterated by Captain Forbes, who owns, however, that it was against the law. Knowing what we do of the history of the republic, we should have considered Mr. Forbes' statement as much exaggerated, if it were not strongly corroborated in other quarters. Dr. Bacon, who was formerly acting physician at the colony, though his name does not appear in 'Africa Redeemed,' stated as long ago as May 4th, 1849, in the 'Ram's Horn' of New York, that 'Joseph J. Roberts, the president of the colony, . . . and John N. Lewis, the secretary of the colony, were, in 1837, the agents, employers, and factors of Pedro Blanco, the greatest slave-trader on the coast. . . The colony in 1836-37-38 and 39, was one of the greatest auxiliaries of the

slave trade, and the slave-traders, in return, were the chief support and defence of the colony. Without their aid, the colony would have nearly perished in 1838. . . . The pastor of the Baptist church at that time, the Rev. Colin Teage, was employed at the same time with John N. Lewis, to store cargoes for Pedro Blanco. His store-house was also a depôt for the slave-traders, and he received plenty of money from Blanco without hesitation. . . . The Liberian colonists themselves freely bought and owned slaves at that time.' Nothing can be more contradictory than such testimony and the statements of the anonymous writer of 'Africa Redeemed.' One or the other must be grossly deceiving the public. We feel in duty bound to state the case on both sides, and shall be most happy to find that the colony has been libelled.

It is now five years since Liberia's independence was acknowledged by the governments of France and England; but as yet, we believe the United States' Government has not followed this example. This fact requires a satisfactory explanation, as it appears suspicious, when taken in connexion with the proposal for a government line of steamers, and a government system of expatriation of men of colour to the colony.

As an experiment, we are willing that the clause in the original constitution of Liberia by which *no white man* is allowed to become landholder in the colony may be fairly tried; and yet there appears to us much injustice and unnecessary exclusiveness in such a law. It is as if the Americans would stereotype their own ideas of the inferiority of the coloured race, by shutting them up in a settlement of their own, where none of the influences of modern civilization shall be allowed to operate; while, according to their own statements, the immigrants have turned out so incorrigibly bad in America, that they cannot be suffered to remain. Besides, we must confess a decided repugnance against exclusiveness even under the least objectionable form. Let the citizens of new colonies be allowed to legislate for themselves, and to mould their laws and institutions in accordance with their own convictions of propriety and right, with the experience of history to guide them. We cannot see any real advantage likely to accrue from such exclusiveness in either Church or State, from the constitutional prohibition in Otago of all religions but Free Churchism, and in Canterbury* of all but Church of Englandism, and in Liberia of all colours but ebony.

* New Zealand.

ART. III.—*Lectures on the History of France.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., LL.D., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. In two volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

OF all the European nations, it would probably be difficult to select one whose history is more instructive than that of France. He who goes to the study of history merely to read what man has done in his little day,—what works of glory or of shame, of utility or of ruin, and with the same desire for pleasurable mental excitation which is obtained from the perusal of an ably-written romance, will not receive from the history of the French nation those great and salutary lessons it so pointedly teaches. But he who regards history as time's follower, registering the great results of human being and action, and as the biographer, not of man in his isolation, but of men in society, will find prominently, and often, in the pages of French history those great truths which it is the province of history alone to teach. How much may be learned from the perusal of the life of a single man who has risen from obscurity to the highest posts of fame! What instructive teaching do we receive from the record of his virtues and his activities, his exaltation and his power! But how great and valuable are the truths which the thoughtful and discriminative may gather from the study of a nation's biography—the careful record of its outward and its inner life—its growth from nomadism and barbarity, through all the various stages of its progress, to the building of cities and the formation of a national code—the uprising of sciences, and the nurture of the arts—the expansion of the religious principle, the outburst of popular passions, and the selfish and cruel rule of the *noblesse*—the good or evil influence which a nation exerts upon other realms and upon the world—the happiness it enjoys, or the evils under which it groans! It would not be easy to select any nation in whose story all these advancements and varieties are more clearly discernible than in that of France. No history more forcibly teaches us how man, even in the degradation of a barbarous existence, struggles after a higher life; how laws and institutions are a gradual and yet beautiful growth, the expression of the sternest necessities of being; and how a human society, moulded partly by external circumstances and partly by a desire after elevation, shapes itself into a great, powerful, and refined nation. It is well to

learn thus, how a rude tribe, emerging from the marshes and the woods of an uncultivated continent—a primary condition of the wildest barbarity—at length, by the laws of a sublime development, grew into an organized nationality, with distinctive institutions, habits, and laws.

We cannot pretend to state all the reasons why the history of France deserves from the student more attention than that of almost any other nation. A few of these reasons, however, must be patent even to the merest sciolist in European affairs. Among all the states of modern Europe none possessed such power, and none was so truly great as France under the old *régime*, if greatness is to be estimated by the force and extent of the national influence. Strong in her government, although that government had altogether ignored the existence of democratic institutions; and with a people devoted to their fatherland, loving its very soil, its broad rivers, its luxuriant valleys and fertile farms, its chateaux and homesteads, and skilled in all the arts which enrich and exalt a nation, and which give gentleness and dignity to human life, France for ages led the civilized world. Inferior to England in the industry and practicalness of her people, in governmental skill—that rare attainment in the life of nations—and in her love of religious freedom; later in development than the Italian states, and far behind them in the production of the humanizing arts of poetry and song; unequal to the German in his fond love of fatherland, in his demand for spiritual emancipation, and in his profound and scrutinizing philosophy, France has, notwithstanding, during several centuries of her history, exerted upon mankind a greater influence than any other nation. When she has desired war, Europe has been in arms; when she has demanded peace, monarchs have been acquiescent in her wish. Her language for ages has been almost vernacular throughout the civilized world. Her industrial arts have borne the palm, and her manufactures have been imitated, and but rarely equalled, by people foreign to her soil. If her theology has been uninfluential, her philosophy at least has had not a few adherents. Her institutions and her policy have had great influence on European society; and her banners—regal, republican, and imperial—have triumphantly floated in the greater number of continental capitals.

The history of this great people has three chief eras, in each of which, under those laws which regulate national development, we observe a gradual elevation, a gradual tendency towards an ever-increasing civilization; and which confirm that axiom, patent on the page of every history, 'that the healthful growth of good government must be a spontaneous develop-

ment from within, and not a compulsory envelopment from without.' The first era is comprised in the period which lies between the dissolution of the Roman despotism and the consolidation of the monarchy under Charles VIII. The second is terminated by the death of Louis XIV., after a long, and on the whole inglorious reign, notwithstanding its early military triumphs. The last era closes in the revolutionary catastrophe of 1789, and in the murder of the well-meaning, but vacillating and feeble, Louis XVI., when the French aristocracy reaped that bloody harvest which had been the growth of nearly a thousand years of national oppression and cruelty, and of popular wrong and degradation. It is much to be regretted that the student can obtain the works of so few French historians, who, skilled in the philosophy of history, have delineated with a master-hand the national origination, development, and maturity. The earlier French historians—Mezerai, the Abbé Velly, Villaret, and Garnier—reckless and sentimental, declamatory and prolix, are of little worth. The Jesuit, Daniel, in the earlier portion of his work especially, possesses considerable merit. M. Anquetil has given the world a valuable abridgment of the writings of the preceding historians; and M. de Sismondi alone seems worthy to be taken as a guide through a considerable portion of the French history. Mr. Hallam's 'History of the Middle Ages,' and M. Guizot's 'Lectures on the Progress of Civilization in France,' are well deserving the close attention of the student; and these masterly 'Lectures,' by Sir James Stephen, successor to the lamented Professor Smythe, in the University of Cambridge, although they take rather new ground, will be found to cast a flood of light on the external and internal histories of the French people, discussing, as they do, fully, and with consummate ability, as was to be expected from the author of 'Ecclesiastical Biography,' the monarchical, judicial, and economical institutions of the Great Nation.

The earlier French historians have erred, in assuming that the French nation was already defined and the monarchy consolidated under the dynasties of Clovis, Charlemagne, and Hugues Capet. The Frankish empire extended only over that country which lies between the Rhine and the Loire, although Justinian subsequently annexed to it Provence. The people of Bretagne and Aquitaine formed each a state separate from that empire; and indeed the history of France proper commences, in reality, only from the election of Hugues Capet to the sovereignty. When the Roman power began to decline—that vast government which collapsed and fell only, it may be assumed, because licentiousness and profligacy had debauched

all society in Rome, and had weakened, if not destroyed, not only that martial prowess, which of old had brought the world into submission to the seven-hilled city, but also that skill and aptness in government and in colonization, which were especially noteworthy qualities in the character of the Roman political chiefs—the sceptre, which had once been held by the vigorous hands of Octavius, Tiberius, and Trajan, had passed into the possession of degenerate successors. The warrior-spirit and the lust for extended sway dwelt no longer in the breast of the effeminate Cæsars; but, while the imperial purple was often merely the gift of a licentious and turbulent soldiery, the emperor dwelt in an elysium of luxury, and lost in an enervating repose, both martial ability and governmental skill. An unhealthy state of society in the metropolis of the empire speedily extended itself to the provinces; and Gaul, which had for ages been suffering from fiscal exactions and oppressions, inadequate to its own defence, was ravaged successively by Franks, Burgundians, Allemans, and Saxon pirates. The emperors Julian and Valentinian had more than once repulsed these barbarians, so that they effected no permanent settlement in Gaul; but the imperial power was too weak, and the empire was assailed from so many different points, that the Roman eagles, whose appearance alone was once almost sufficient to scatter the hordes of barbarian spoilers, were borne no longer by victorious cohorts, and the very legions themselves were swept away by the repeated inundations of the savage hosts of the north, whom the warmer air and the profuse wealth of the south attracted to conquest and to plunder. So soon as the empire gave way before these rude and oft-repeated shocks, and the sceptre of the Cæsars was torn from the hand of its imbecile possessor by the Ostrogoths, Gaul became the prey of barbarous tribes. Unequal to their own defence; with no distinct nationality; lacking a principle of union and of strength; with no national religion, that common superstitious sentiment which binds even the rudest tribes in strong union, for the gradual increase and gentle influence of Christianity had completely destroyed the ancient Druidism;—the Gallic people were overcome, and became merged among a host of invaders from beyond the Rhine. Indeed, so completely had the nationality of Gaul been merged in the all-engrossing Roman empire, that the Celtic language, once spoken by its people, was lost, except in Bretagne alone, and an indescribable patois had taken its place—a corruption of the Latinity spoken by the legions, or an admixture of that Latinity with several provincial dialects.

It may not be out of place here, if we hastily allude to the

influence of Christianity on the Romano-Gallic province. That mighty solvent of the superstitions and habitudes of the old world had silently worked its way from the banks of the Jordan to the Rhine and Rhone. Arising in the east, and, in this respect, resembling in its origination some of the other great possessions of mankind, language and writing, weaving and sculpture; tending westward, it had already revolutionized, not Palestine and Egypt, nor the lesser Asia merely, not only Ephesus and Thyatira and Corinth, but Athens the queen of the arts, and Rome the queen of the world. From Rome, the metropolis of the earth, the current of Christianity had been borne by a thousand arteries, or channels of communication, into her remoter provinces. Already, the swarthy sons of Mauritania had learned the new and purifying faith. The Spaniard had received, among the vines and olive-trees and browsing flocks of his magnificent land, tidings of that mercy which is worthy of Him who bestows it, and of that Gift who was to be at once man's Teacher and Saviour. The Thracian and the Teuton had listened to the divine story, and had received its truth with tears of joy; and, afar, the grim Parthian on his tented plains had told his kinsmen, seated around their watchfires, how in Palestine there had come one to bless the poor, to reclaim the savage, and who had loved the wandering son of the desert equally with them who were nursed in cities amid ease and luxury. Gradually, the healthful leaven of the new faith had diffused itself in Gaul; and already, by the middle of the third century, Christian churches had been founded in Tours, Clermont, Paris, Toulouse, and in several other towns. In Armorica, Druidism still lingered; but fashion, which exerts an influence in the religious as well as in the social world, led the people ultimately to adopt the Christian faith, and they, with all that zeal which so often is observable in new converts, destroyed far and wide the shrines of heathenism, and overthrew all that reminded them of the superstition which had been to them and to their fathers a religious system. Indeed, Christianity, which so expressly reveals the divine love for man, and which so clearly inculcates upon all its adherents the duty of universal kindness, peace, and charity, exactly suited the condition of the great mass of the Gallic people. They were slaves, and the Gospel commanded freedom for the body, while it brought a perfect liberty to the soul. They were oppressed by fiscal regulations, and by the cruel rapacity of the men who farmed the imperial taxes, and they found in Christianity that which confronted the robber, and bade him restore that of which he had wronged his neighbour; which checked even the imperial despotism,

and demanded that men should remember, in all duties and engagements, that they were still brethren. It is worthy to be mentioned, as indicative of the peculiar nature of Christianity, that so soon as it entered the Roman empire, slavery began to decline; the poor were cared for, the rich were instructed in the duties of charity, and the great principle of the franchise of election was revived and adopted by the Christian church.

Such were the blessings conferred upon Gaul by the extension of Christianity, and happy indeed was the influence of its purifying and exalting faith, until the imperial power was utterly overthrown during the feeble rule of Augustulus. The Franks, who were a collection of German tribes, had become established, during the latter ages of the Roman rule, on the east bank of the Rhine. Their princes were termed Merovingians, or Meer-wigs, because they claimed to be descended from Merovius, 'the sea-warrior.' Clovis is the earliest of their monarchs known to history. Towards the close of the fifth century of the Christian æra, heading some Salian Franks, he conquered Gaul. Marrying Clotilda, a princess of Burgundy, he became a convert of Christianity; and uniting all the ferocity of a savage to the indiscriminating zeal of a recent convert, as he had adopted the creed pronounced to be 'orthodox' by the Council of Nicæa, he attacked the Visigoths, who professed to hold the Arian dogma. His dominion extended from the Lower Rhine to the Loire and the ocean, and on his death, in 511, descended to his four sons. The French historians generally regard Clovis as the founder of the Merovingian dynasty, as the first *French* monarch, but not with good reason. That ruler must not be estimated, as some of the later French historians would judge him, by the light of the nineteenth century. Stripped of the romantic investiture with which the earlier chroniclers have surrounded him, he was simply a bloody savage, long-haired, and roughly clad; no great commander, as it is the fashion in France to believe, but a rude robber, skilled in rushing from his Frankish forests to a slaughter or a raid, utterly unworthy to be called a general, when we think of the skill and ability of modern commanders. Christianity hardly humanized a man so completely barbarous; and although time has cast a mist of impenetrable obscurity over many of his achievements, we cannot but think that Sir James Stephen has justly compared his victories, 'not with the actions of Condé or Turenne, but rather with the recent victories of the Zooloo chief, Dingaan, over the forces of the Kaffir tribes in Southern Africa'—and that 'his wars were but the levying of so much black mail; that his negotiations were

but so many palavers; and that between the long-haired Merovings and the princes of the house of Bourbon there was little more in common, than between the Indian chief who scalped his enemies on the banks of the Potomac and the President of the United States of America.'

The Merovingian kings, the direct descendants of Clovis, ruled over the Franco-Gallic kingdom, until the deposition of Childeric, in A.D. 752. The dukes of Austrasia, Pepin l'Heristal, Charles Martel, and Pepin-le-Bref, after the deposition of Childeric, successively ruled over what remained to them of the empire of Clovis. But it fell to the destiny of his illustrious son, Charlemagne, to found a new empire, whose renown has not been altogether obliterated by the intervention of a thousand years. The policy which this great and deservedly famous emperor pursued throughout his reign was, studiously to maintain the institutions of his German subjects, to anticipate the invasions of the northern barbarians, and, allying himself with the great potentates of Europe, to form also the most intimate relations with the ecclesiastical power. All praise must be accorded to the great chieftain, because, living in a benighted age, and surrounded always by courtiers who were but a few removes from the present civilization of the Apaches, he saw, with the unnerring sagacity of genius, that his throne would have an enduring foundation only so far as his subjects attained to a social and religious elevation. Inspired with this idea, worthy of nobler times, and, if it were possible, of a more extensive field for its development, he aimed at nothing less than a re-establishment of the empire of the Cæsars, with all its attendant dignities, immunities, and security of possession for his subjects. The truly great appear to combine in themselves all talents, to have the endowment of all capacities. The heroic mind is always many-sided; it is not engrossed, as less natures are, by one idea. To know much, and to do much, is its constant aim. Napoleon was at once general, lawyer, mathematician, and shrewdest mental analyst; and, although we know him, not by the help of printing-presses, wondrously productive of journals and pamphlets, and although he looms in the far past, not wholly obscured by the darkness of a remote antiquity, Charlemagne, even at this distance, appears to possess all those qualities which constitute a man a hero, statesman, and reformer, and which shed a lustre on his age, and give a peculiar fascination to the story of his life. Eginhard tells us that, with a lofty stature, a nobly-open countenance, with eyes of an unusual size and brilliancy, and with a dome-shaped head, characteristics peculiarly attaching to a hero and a king, he knew not, at seventy, what it was to

suffer from disease or pain; but even then, after the wear of sixty campaigns, he possessed all but the freshness and the vigour of his youth, without the semblance of decay. Although he lived at a period of much barbarity, Charlemagne, like all the truly great, was far in advance of his age. Indeed, when all the circumstances of the time are considered—the barbarism which everywhere covered the world, the selfish tyranny of the nobility, the brutal ignorance of princes and of people, the want of a proper medium of communication between neighbouring towns, the wretched condition of the roads, the rareness of commercial interchange, the absence of all books, and of the ability to read them, excepting such manuscripts as were in the possession of the Church—Charlemagne was one of the most accomplished monarchs ever known to Christendom. As a general, his success depended rather upon the celerity of his movements, than upon his actual knowledge or skill in the military art, although he was not deficient of ability in strategical combinations. His soldiery were no longer equipped like their barbarian fathers, when they rushed from the rude fastnesses of Germany to plunder and to slaughter. The terrible days of Alaric and Attila had gone by for ever, and the grosser atrocities of their warfare perished with them. Commanding troops equipped after the old Roman model, for forty-six years Charlemagne ruled an empire more extensive than that which in our own century owned Napoleon as its lord. From the Baltic almost to Naples, and from the Spanish sea-board on the Atlantic to the mouths of the Danube, his sway was acknowledged. In firm alliance with the Church, which at that time possessed whatever light, knowledge, and worth were in the world, and which already had treasured up in her cloisters and libraries those literary treasures, the relics of the past, and the glory of the Christian world—those treasures which the Reformation and the wondrous industry and research of Germany were to bring forth, to instruct and improve mankind—the great emperor was at once the protector of the patrimony of St. Peter, and in amity with the infidel Kaliphat. It is not, perhaps, too much to assert that the empire of the world was divided between the Frankish emperor and the never-to-be-forgotten Haroun-al-Raschid.

Charlemagne well knew that the most powerful state in the world, without moral power, must speedily fall to ruin; and with this fact in his mind, that great prince, although he could not write his own language, compiled, by the assistance of the most learned men in his empire, Eginhard, Alcuin, and Erigena, a comprehensive code of laws, which we may justly deem to have been the foundation of the subsequent system of European

legislation. But Charlemagne learnt that fact, to which the loftiest monarch must attest, that the splendour of human affairs wanes and passes away; that the strongest government may be dissolved by trivial circumstances, over which its founder had no control; and that the path of the statesman, the mission of the mighty and the good, and the life-work equally of them who have been benefactors and scourges to humanity, 'lead but to the grave.' The emperor found at last that there was a force mightier than his own—that destiny overpowers the will of man—and that the firmest hold of the sceptre becomes, under the mutations of time, but a feeble grasp. The great Charles, the regenerator of Europe, and founder of the German empire, lay down to die.

Charlemagne was essentially a German in his tastes, in the choice of his officers, and in the habits of his daily life. His people on both sides of the Rhine had been indiscriminately called Franks; but as this appellation had been long dear to the Gallic people, they gave their country the name of Francia, and styled themselves François. On the other side of the Rhine, the people, who had no national sympathies with the François, styled themselves Germans; and the two people became each the rival of the other. Charlemagne's son, Louis-le-Débonnaire, succeeded to his government. Then fell to pieces that mighty fabric which had been reared at such pains, and at so great a cost. Then the church lost her patron and protector, her monasteries were cruelly pillaged, and sacrilege defiled her houses of prayer. Then, the fierce north pirates who had feared the truncheon of the great emperor, and trembled at his very name, lurking no longer in their retreats, swarmed upon the coasts of France. The rich province of Normandy was wrested from his degenerate descendants, and his empire was reduced almost to a province. The monasteries, which, while the emperor lived, were the peaceful abodes of the faithful; where, in undisturbed quietude, they might pass their lives of painful abstinence and prayer; and where, too, the wandering pilgrim, as he traversed the forest or the plain, might always find refuge and repose in the night of storms, were changed, by the stern necessity of the times, from being houses of peaceful monasticism, into grim fortresses. The formerly peaceful village, or prosperous town, had to surround itself with a ditch, or to build a tower for its defence against those marauding Northmen, whose hearts were steeled against the emotions of pity. The pious, in that doleful age, reading, as they dimly could, from the predictions of the Apocalypse, believed that now the time was come, foretold in the last book of God, in the which the beast should ravage the earth, and the harassed, labouring, and well-

nigh fainting Church should know neither rest nor peace until her Lord came to reign in millennial glory over a vanquished world. So long, also, as Charlemagne reigned, the haughty, barbarous, and ever-cruel chiefs of the aristocracy were in fitting subjection to the power of the Emperor; but, under the rule of his feeble and pitiable descendants, these chiefs greatly increased their power, and asserted their irresponsibility; and not content with ruling their serfs with a rod of iron, they encroached on the imperial prerogative, until the monarch himself became dependent on these savage barons, and was, indeed, at last vanquished and humiliated by them. So complete, indeed, was the ruin which ensued under the disastrous reigns of the immediate successors of the great Charles, that the kingdom of France itself was no more than a combination of countries each under its own lord; when, as Sismondi observes, 'royalty was all but annihilated in France, and there was utterly an end of the legislative power.' But, when Hugues Capet ascended the throne, in A.D. 987, the power of the crown was increased by the addition of the domains of which he was feudal lord. Our object, however, in this brief article, is not to present our readers with a sketch of French history, in the regular succession of the kings of France, but to show the external and internal circumstances which moulded the rude Carlovingian or Capetian commonwealth into that distinct nationality which we know as France.

It is probably owing to Louis VI., who first enfranchised the civic population of France, that the popular element was brought to bear upon the wretched feudalism which held French society in its iron grasp. No man could be a *bourgeois* unless he were free. Criminals and persons guilty of treason could not become *bourgeois*, or they lost the rights of citizenship from the period of their conviction of crime; but the franchise might be acquired by birth, by marriage, or by prescriptive right. The introduction of this popular element had a very happy effect upon the general state of the nation, for, in every French *bourg* no taxes could be imposed on the *bourgeois*, with a trifling exception, without their own consent; and when the suzerain levied any impost upon them, it was optional for them to give or to withhold what was demanded of them. Thus, at a very early period, the right of self-government was introduced into France, which, in the issue, could tend only to the destruction of the last vestiges of feudal institutions—that right, which, although subsequent monarchs ignored it, had a happy result on the condition of the French people. The various municipalities, however, possessed their privileges only conditionally; for, while the *bourgeois* had the power of establishing

a local police, of forming guilds for their mutual defence, of fortifying their town, and of possessing an *hotel-de-ville* and a common seal; they were liable for the security and good condition of their town, and were bound to provide for the civic expenditure, to pay a tribute to the throne, and to render the king military service. Thus, throughout France, was erected, by a slow but sure process, a municipal and commercial power, which is always directly antagonistic to that influence which arises merely from lordly birth, and from extensive possessions.

But the destruction of feudalism in France is not to be attributed only to the establishment of municipalities in that kingdom. The Eastern Crusades tended not a little to the overthrow of the existing feudalism. For six hundred years the followers of Mahomet had been going forth conquering and to conquer. Originating among the wilds of Arabia, the adherents of the Prophet had gradually extended themselves over a considerable portion of the globe—men who to the natural ferocity of Bedouin plunderers, added also the fiercest religious zeal. To extend the dominions of the Prophet, to exalt the crescent above the cross, and to conquer nations to the faith of the Korân, they believed would gain them a blissful translation from the turmoil and the sorrows of earth to the perpetual society of 'houris' and to the joys of Paradise. Never before, it is probable, had a faith so deficient in even the semblance of divine authenticity, and embraced by men so rude, gained such a sway in the world. For six hundred years the turbaned hosts of the Mussulman power had kept the Christian world in fear and anxiety. Mighty in conflict and incapable of mercy, their emergence from the sands of Arabia had resulted in perpetual victory. They had conquered Egypt, which, under the elevating influence of the Christian faith, had risen again in the scale of nations, and they had swept from her almost every trace of civilization. They had swarmed along the coasts of Africa, where once the authority of the Cæsars had been acknowledged. Crossing over into Spain, they had subjugated that lovely land. Even France had seen the glitter of the Moslem scimitars. Italy herself was held in constant fear of onslaught from those savage tribes, who believed it had been destined that their Prophet should overcome the world; and Constantinople, the queen of eastern cities, was menaced by these fierce hordes. Surely, men felt, it were time for Christendom to arouse herself from her ignominious lethargy, and to free the church from this cause both of fear and of perplexity. Pilgrims, who had braved the dangers of the sea and of the

desert, in order that they might kiss the tomb of the LORD, and drink of the water of the Jordan, brought back not merely narratives, but personal proofs, of the perfidy and cruelty of the Moslems, of the insecurity of the faithful, and of the insults to which the Holy Sepulchre was subjected. Peter of Amiens, the Hermit, who had been on a pilgrimage to the sacred city, on his return, gave Urban II. a full description of the disasters which befel the eastern Christians; and, frenzied perhaps by the intensity of his zeal, he went forth to preach to the Christian world the duty of immediate exertion on behalf of their oppressed brethren. After him, Bernard of Clairvaux aroused Christendom to the conquest of the East. Men, animated to duty as if by a voice from heaven, went forth by millions to battle with the infidel, and generally to disaster, defeat, and death. Unskilled in the military art, and ignorant of the nature of warfare with the fierce cavalry of the Saracen, the armies of the Crusaders were repeatedly destroyed. There can be no doubt that among the Christian hosts there were men of piety and laudable zeal, who thought they did service to their glorified Lord by arming in defence of the church; but it cannot be denied that ambition allured not a few, and that thousands of the Christian warriors enrolled themselves merely with the hope of sharing the wealth of their Saracenic foes. But we advert to the Crusades to show the influence which they had upon France, in raising the monarchical above the feudal power in that kingdom. They affected the feudal power, by removing to the seat of foreign war vast numbers of serfs from the kingdom of France; while they added to the *communes*, they put an end to the petty wars which had been waged between rival feudal lords; they affected the feudal power, by leading to the introduction of the Roman law into France, and by altering the nature of military service; and by the impulse which they necessarily gave to the invention of a method of better locomotion, they awakened the mercantile spirit, led to the study of geography, and ultimately produced historians who superseded the wretched monastic chroniclers, who were both ignorant and superstitious. Indeed, the Crusades did very much to effect the revival of civilization and of commerce in France and in Europe.

The persecution of the Albigenses completed what the Crusades had commenced. At the close of the twelfth century, the religious state of Provence began to attract considerable attention from the pontificate. Around Toulouse and Albi some adherents of the Romish church, grieved at the religious abominations of the times, had sought a purer creed and a more

simple manner of conducting divine worship than that church had taught and practised. Amid the luxuries and gaities, the happy ease and soft voluptuousness of Provençal life, there had been awakened that spirit of free inquiry—there had been uttered, although feebly, that demand for the right of private judgment, which, three centuries later, obtained in Germany, and which must ever lie at the basis of all Protestantism. The evil genius of Hildebrand still seemed to linger around the papal chair, and Innocent III., from the seat of ecclesiastical power, observed, with a troubled heart, the extension of this dangerous innovation on the authority of the church. Possessed of a vigorous mind, unscrupulous in his plan of operation, and steeled against mercy by his morose fanaticism, he resolved, if need be, to quench in seas of blood this new light, so dangerous to the continuance of the dark superstitions of mediæval times. Upon the unfortunate murder of his legate, Peter of Castlenau, for which he held Raymond, Count of Toulouse, to be responsible—although in contradiction to truth and justice—the cruel pontiff, embodying within himself that intolerance of innovation, that boldness and utter recklessness of human life, which have been often the characteristics of the church of Rome, after cursing the count, resolved, by a holy war, to exterminate the heretics. But our limits forbid our narrating the oft-told tale of Romish cruelty and wickedness, or detailing the horrors which befel the unhappy Provençaux, in the defeat of their warriors—the sacking of their towns—the burning of hamlet and homestead—the murder, when hostility could afford no pretext for it, of the aged and the helpless babe—the defilement of matrons and of virgins, and the indiscriminate massacre of both in the sanctuaries of prayer, in the seclusions of the valley, and even on the beds of sickness, where cruel priests could not wait for surely-coming death to do his fearful work in peace—and in the establishment, by a council held at Toulouse, of that terrible Inquisition, which has written, in ineffaceable letters of blood, the creed of the Romish church in the lands subject to her sway. The sentimental latitudinarianism of the present age has grown sceptical of the sanguinary character of that church. Let the pseudo-liberals who may doubt—if after the late slaughterings in Paris such doubt can longer exist—that the tiger lurks under the robe of the priest, read with candour the impartial narrative of the Languedocian massacres, and they will become alive to the true nature of that atrocious religious corporation which has changed its policy to suit the temper of the age, but which still retains the principles of its

primary despotism and blood-thirstiness. The dominions of the Count of Toulouse and of the King of Arragon were added to France, as hire for her share in the slaughter of the Albigenses; but, under the retributive government of God, France paid dearly for her wickedness. That kingdom became from that catastrophe more and more alienated from the church of Rome; and through long centuries of oppression, outrage, bloodshed, and revolution, has reaped the bitter harvest which she sowed with an unsparing hand around the walls of the desolated Toulouse.

Sir James Stephen, with a master's hand and a philosopher's discrimination, farther sketches the development of the French nation, in the influence of the judicial on the monarchical system—the influence on the crown of the privileged orders—the influence of the States-General—in the sources and management of the French revenues—in the power of the purse—in the Reformation and the wars of religion—in the power of the pen in France—in the absolute monarchy administered by Henri IV., Richelieu, Colbert, and Louvois, and by Louis XIV., throughout his long reign; and, finally, concludes his 'Lectures,' by a happy comparison of the growth of the French and English monarchies. For many years one of the most brilliant writers on the staff of the 'Edinburgh Review,' Sir James Stephen is worthily held in high honour in the world of letters. We cannot but rejoice that so philosophical and distinguished an historian holds the important office of Professor of Modern History, at Cambridge. May he long be spared, one of the most brilliant of the illustrious galaxy, to inculcate liberal sentiments, to raise the tone of education, and to destroy the lingering superstitious elements in that university! The present 'Lectures' are at once profound, discriminative. They are written in a style of singular fascination, and even to the general reader they present historical truth in the attractiveness of romance. We indulge the hope that they will attain a large circulation, especially among those classes who are so latitudinarian as to ignore the painful but palpable facts of ecclesiastical history.

ART. IV.—*The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade.* In two volumes.
London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.

THERE is a strength and persistence in the love of art, which are sure in the long-run to conciliate or subdue public admiration. The world may be deaf to the first appeal, or the second, or the third; but when a writer has faith in his own impulses, and adheres steadily to the original purpose of his life, mankind are gradually warmed into enthusiasm, and brought to acknowledge frankly the straight-forwardness and earnestness of his nature. This has been strikingly exemplified in the case of Mr. Reade, who, after having had his courage and perseverance severely tested, is now beginning to feel the coveted laurel descending on his brow. The poems, forming the contents of Mr. Reade's collected works, have been written at various periods of life, beginning almost at the earliest, and extending over a protracted period, down to the present day. They may, consequently, be said to present the image of an entire life. All the variations and changes of feeling, passion, and knowledge, have passed over them. Immature at first, they have been gradually ripened by experience, enlarged by thought, and polished by patient touches of unwearied art. They are a record, therefore, of the author's whole intellectual existence, and remain, and will remain in our literature, to be resorted to as a perennial source of pleasure by all who delight in poetry, apart from the conventionalities and fashions of the day.

To do justice to works like these, we should be acquainted, in part at least, with the circumstances of the poet's life. Mr. Reade has been a solitary man; and, smitten with a true admiration of the beauties of external nature, his real home has been in the wild places of the earth, amid crags and mountains, on the banks of unfrequented rivers, or where, with few to observe, the ocean foams and thunders on the shore. Of this we discover unequivocal traces in all his poems, which never seem to flow so directly from the heart as when the object is to enhance the power and majesty of nature. By human beings his sympathies are less forcibly excited. His imagination, therefore, seldom leads him into crowds, seldom even allures him towards situations in which the interests, predilections, and passions of men meet in violent collision, and produce those catastrophes that shake or disorganize the moral world. Pope, in verses as musical as his thoughts, describes the poetical

fraternity of which Mr. Reade is so genuine a member, and ascribes the idiosyncrasies of some to the whole body.—

‘To grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, every muse’s son.’

To enter into the merits of works so numerous and varied, would demand a space which we cannot at present command. But perhaps a brief recognition accorded to them at once may be better than a protracted review, deferred until delay might be construed into neglect. We may be here said to have before us a brief survey of the whole intellectual progress of the world, from the time when man wandered about the precincts of Eden to the period of railways and electric telegraphs. Certain, however, it is that Mr. Reade delights chiefly in the remote, and throws most fervour into his painting when he has to delineate the antediluvian earth, still bright and glowing from the footsteps of gods or angels, and undefaced by any of those catastrophes which have since shattered it. This style of painting is pre-eminently visible in ‘Destiny’ and the ‘Deluge.’ He touches on other, perhaps finer, chords of our nature, when yielding to the inspiration of youthful studies he wanders through the rich mazes of Hellenic mythology, dashing off brief pictures as he goes along of river nymphs in their mythological beauty, or of Nereids or goddesses of the sea, sporting innocently on the golden shores of Attica. The reader whose fancy has been cradled in the myths and marvels of Grecian literature, will feel that the following picture has been derived from the true fountain of ancient song:—

‘She drew the golden sandals from her feet,
Loosening the zone that bound her robe beneath
Her swelling bosom; light it fell as wreath
Of mist from some lone-star in quiet heaven.
A moment there she stood, a form the bard,
Or dreaming sculptor, never bodied forth
From abstract vision of the beautiful.
Then felt she conscious the sky looked on her,
She drew the crescent circle from her brow.
Who knows not Arethusa’s golden hair,
That Dian envied? down those tresses fell,
Released, in meshes, where a sunbeam prisoned
Shed through them amber light. They veiled her not;
Her beauty shone as twilight through grey clouds
Reveals its softened loveliness. She stood
Upon the crisped sand that edged the stream.
A yellow strip that by the deep green sward
And odorous flowers bordered, shone like gold.

She watched herself reflected, beauty dwelling
Upon its shadow ; now, in shrinking fear,
Retreating in herself ; now, sportively
Dimpling the water with her timid foot,
She threw herself on its encircling bed.'—Vol. i., p. 85.

In this poem, and the one immediately following, entitled the 'Dance of the Nereids,' the painting is as fresh and true as if delineated on the spot. Antique woods, mazy thickets, tangled heaths, with the wild flowers and meandering streams of Greece, flash in dazzling panorama through the verse, and carry us irresistibly back to the earliest home of liberty and the arts. In other poems we find pictures drawn with vigour and fire, of more engrossing features of the ancient world ; Prometheus chained amid the solitudes of Caucasus ; Homer, on the storm-lashed shore of Chios, receiving inspiration from nature ; Ulysses bidding farewell to the Ogygian Isle ; or the Olympian gods assembled on the summit of Ida, or mingling with mortals on the sunny banks of Simois and Scamander, just as they are pictured in 'the tale of Troy divine.'

But every writer of large mind and experience will, sooner or later, inevitably reflect upon the truth that, however pleasing retrospective glances at the Old World may be, they are not in themselves sufficient to arrest the attention and rivet the sympathies of a busy world. Each age is chiefly fascinated by reflections of its own likeness. Poetry flows around us in torrents every day and all day, though often without finding any utterance in articulate words. The secret of immortality consists in giving a voice to this confused power, and interpreting it for the benefit of coming ages. This Mr. Reade has done in the 'Italy,' and the 'Revelations of Life.' In the former, the ruins of a shattered civilization are skilfully made to connect themselves with the present. Art, literature, science, and commercial and political grandeur, grouped in splendour around the monuments which lie so thickly scattered over the Italian soil, are converted into lessons for the present and the future ; while subjects are occasionally touched upon which have a still deeper significance. In the latter, several great questions, belonging to all times and countries, are discussed and developed with much boldness and felicity. The natural scenery found in the south of England is introduced to constitute a sort of framework to the picture, and the fancy is agreeably enlivened by incidents and traits of personal character which often make us wish for more.

The reader, when he looks into the volumes for himself, will find that a separate article, and one full of interest too, might easily be written on each of the larger poems. We cannot,

therefore, pretend that we are now doing anything more than acting as a finger-post, to point out the way by which others may arrive at the pleasure and instruction which lie thickly scattered on all hands in these volumes. The most popular, perhaps, of all the works in form and character is 'Italy,' which, starting from the summit of the Apennines, above Florence, brings out in detail the beauties of that splendid city, after which it passes on to Venice and the Adriatic to Rome, and Naples to Paestum, and the Faro of Messina, terminating with an enthusiastic address to Ocean, which appears to swell and murmur through the harmony of the closing verses.

Whoever has visited that sunny peninsula must have observed with what earnestness the natives look to whatever is said of them in England. Much of their existing philosophy, whether metaphysical or political, has been derived from this country, with which, fortunately for themselves, they have considerably more sympathy than with France. One of the reasons may be, that, being themselves a religious people, the English mind, strongly pervaded by the spirit of devotion, presents a more striking analogy with their own. A marked feature of resemblance is necessarily discovered in our earnestness, our perseverance, our sincerity, and that imaginative mysticism which we certainly possess in common with them. To whatever conclusions we may come on this point, the poems published in England on the arts and present condition of Italy produce a deep impression on the minds of its inhabitants, and powerfully stimulate them to recover their national independence.

In writing his 'Italy,' however, Mr. Reade was too intent on making it a work of art, to enter at any great length into the causes of its present degradation. He could not of course but perceive that much is traceable to the influence of superstition, which, co-operating with foreign dominion and the fatal divisions of the population, has diffused a blight over the whole land, paralyzing literature, science, and the arts, and above all, undermining liberty, which never can be reconciled with an infallible church.

We will not, however, on the present occasion, yield to the allurements of politics, which might create strange confusion in the bowers of the Muses, but shall pass on to Venice, whose mere name suggests a world of strange and stirring thoughts, connected as it is indissolubly with the heroic struggles of the Italian race for independence. Mr. Reade, with singular art and felicity, thus calls up the glorious old city before us :—

‘The sun is setting; his last rays are steeping
 In golden hues yon clouds that steadfast keep
 Their station, on the blue horizon sleeping,
 Breasting the sky, yet blending with the deep :
 Lo ! from their braided edges glittering creep
 Sharp pointed spires, in blue air faintly shown,
 O’ershadowed, as the sea-mists round them sweep ;
 Away—those shadows are to substance grown,
 For Venice there doth sit upon her ocean throne !

‘Yea, there she sleeps, while on the waters lying,
 Her spires and gilded tombs reflected shine,
 Twilight’s last lustre ’mid their shadows dying :
 Silent and lone as a deserted shrine
 Reared o’er the waves clear floating hyaline !
 Ancestral Venice—younger powers bowed down,
 Deeming her ancient sway would mock decline ;
 There still she sits, a queen without her crown,
 The fading halo of her past renown.’—Vol. ii., p. 73.

This old republican city, as our readers know, is still full of the treasures of art—the only ones which Austria has left to its inhabitants. But even these may not long be suffered to continue in existence. Knowing the attachment of the Venetians to the glorious inheritance bequeathed them by their ancestors, their foreign masters, in order to coerce them through their best feelings, have recently erected a battery commanding all the principal collections of the city, which, with its most superb churches and palaces, would in a few hours be reduced to ashes, in case of another popular explosion. This catastrophe the next poet on Italy may have to recount. When Mr. Reade composed his work, the paintings of Titian, of Tintoretto, of Giorgioni, and the other great artists of that school, still seemed to set the very walls on fire by the splendour and magnificence of their colouring.

But to poets, as to other travellers, Rome, the Eternal City, always constitutes the principal attraction in Italy. Since he wrote, a fresh wreath of glory has been entwined about the brows of its inhabitants, who would have accomplished their own liberation, but for the atrocious policy adopted by the incipient dictator of France. Secretly a bargain was, no doubt, long ago struck between the military oppressor and the *hommes noirs, sortis de sous terre*, who now, like creatures of evil omen, exhibit their obscene and lugubrious faces over the whole surface of France. It is impossible, in the presence of such persons, to tear away the mind from the contemplation of actual suffering, and give it that harmony and repose which

the enjoyment of pure works of art demands. Rome until lately was little else than a museum containing the curiosities of three great epochs: the Pagan Italian, the Christian, and the Pagan Greek, imported from a distance to quicken the arts of all succeeding ages.

Mr. Reade, as might have been anticipated, sympathizes chiefly with the last. The literature and arts of Rome and Modern Italy, though not without their charms for him, soon relinquish the field to Greece, which almost invariably exercises supreme influence over poetical minds. Still from the Roman portion of his work we shall select no verses devoted to the genius of antiquity, but, instead, the following glowing description of a modern picture:—

‘ Fling back the orient gates !—behold awaking
Aurora, beautiful from tranced sleep ;
While with crystaline fingers she is shaking
Morn from her dewy hair ; the young Hours keep
Watch o’er her car, and round its pathway sweep
Roses, far scattering onward as they flee,
Light rays flashed forth as foam from the blue deep ;
Downward they reel and dance in revelry,
Waking on earth’s grey hills the choir of melody.’

We now at one bound pass on to Pæstum, where the traveller beholds the most remarkable cluster of ruins in all Italy. It scarcely needs the assistance of poetry to impress for ever the images of those sublime structures on the mind. Reared in unknown antiquity, by unknown nations, though not to the worship of unknown gods, they excite equally our curiosity and our astonishment. Mr. Reade’s verse reflects the ruins and the landscape, while it suggests, at the same time, the torturing enigma of their origin:—

‘ Lo ! far on the horizon’s verge reclined
A temple reared, as on a broken throne ;
The sun’s red rays in lurid light declined
O’er clouds that mutter forth a thunder tone,
Gleam athwart each ærial column shown,
Like giant standing in a sable sky ;
What record tells it in the desert lone ?
Resting in solitary majesty,
Eternal Pæstum there arrests the heart and eye.
‘ Pause here, the desolate waste, the lowering heaven,
The sea-fowls’ clang, the grey mists hurrying by,
The altar fronting ye with brow unriven,
In isolation of sublimity,

Mates with the clouds the mountains and the sky;
 But the sea breaks no more against the shrine,
 Hoisted from his base the ocean deity :
 His worshippers have passed and left no sign :
 The shaker of the earth no more is held divine !

‘ Spirit of grey antiquity ! thus throned
 With solitude and silence here, proclaim
 Thou, shadowing o’er thy altar place renowned,
 Who reared that mighty temple ? From whence came
 The children of the Sea ? What age, what name,
 Bore they who chose this plain their home to be ?
 Arena meted for the race of fame ;
 For gods to applaud the deeds of liberty,
 Knowledge, and glorious art, that spring but from the free.’

Ib. p. 113.

One more stanza, describing the Fata Morgana—that singular phenomenon which still perplexes the natural philosopher—and we have done with ‘ Italy :’—

——— ‘ When the sun lies
 On Reggio’s shore, go mark its ruins fling
 Their shadows on the stream, till slowly spring
 Embattled towers emerging from the deep,
 Pillars and castled walls ; gates opening
 On serried armies, marshalled horse that leap
 Into the flying plain, and charging squadrons sweep.’—Ib 115.

Of the ‘ Revelations of Life ’ we expressed a very high opinion on its first appearance, and should again go gladly over the same ground, but that our limits forbid. We pass on, therefore, to the lines written on ‘ Doultling Sheepslate,’ full of pure feeling and originality, and still more remarkable for their deep pathos. When a man reviews his past life, tempted to undertake the task by revisiting, after long absence, the scenes of his boyhood, he cannot choose but be touched, and sometimes it may be overmastered, by the strong feelings and reminiscences which sweep over his mind. Most men have thus sought to commune with their former selves, to travel back in fancy to the dawn of their lives, and try to discover, if possible, what was then the flavour of existence. We know of no one who has so well described this process as Mr. Reade, and if he had written nothing but this copy of verses, he would deserve to be remembered as long as there shall be any taste for poetry left among us. We would gladly transfer the whole to our pages, because it is a poem which can only be properly judged of as a whole. But not being able to do this, we must

perforce consent to make a selection, which will, however, we doubt not, suffice to induce the reader to be entirely of our opinion :

‘ I felt I stood on sacred ground that hallowed was to me,
To boyhood’s years far faded on the verge of memory,
Sacred to me the grey-haired man who drank God’s blessed air
Though thirty years had rolled away since last I entered there !
The oak drooped o’er that gate, a withered thing in dead repose,
Grey Doultling’s spire above the waste a sheeted spectre rose ;
And Mendip’s bleak and barren heights again enclose me round,
Like faces of forgotten friends met on forgotten ground !
But heath and landscape boundless once, were shrunk, all was changed,
I felt I stood a stranger—the old place and me estranged !
Each look was thought, each step a startling joy, a welcome sense
Of gratitude’s fine ecstasy, calm, voiceless and intense.
All stirring impulses of life were sobered by the scene,
By staid reflection looking in the glass of what had been ;
For not a mound I trod on unfamiliar was, no tree
Rose in that surging scene whose image had not entered me.
Then when material Nature, mother-like, embraced her child,
Then when each impulse was like hers, unfettered, pure and wild;
I came, the man—the breeze that freshly o’er my forehead blew,
Was welcomed as a blessing which that wild boy never knew.
Nature’s eternal face looked on me—she was still the same,
’Twas I that left her, broken ties forgot, and parent chain ;
’Twas I came back, the prodigal, and felt my follies done,
That I was no more worthy to be called as once her son.’—*Ib.* p. 397.

This is not, properly speaking, a review of Mr. Reade’s poetical works, but a rapid glance over the contents of his two volumes, which nevertheless will, we trust, incline our readers to examine them for themselves. They will not be disappointed; some things they may find which they will not admire, some opinions with which they will not agree; but upon the whole they cannot fail to acknowledge that their author is a true poet, who has, moreover, devoted his entire life to the art of his choice. Occasionally he may be charged with some obscurity, because he endeavours to dive into the depths of thought and to explain in verse things in themselves unsusceptible of explanation. He dwells, too, especially in his earlier works, longer than might be wished on melancholy topics. But, whereas, in most other men, shadows close upon the pathway of life, in proportion as they advance, with him hope brightens as he goes along, and he grows more cheerful as his experience increases. This is far better than beginning existence with joy and terminating it in gloom. In the lines written on ‘*Doultling Sheepslate*’ we find the moral of the author’s life. Philosophy leads him in the end to fall back on

the grand platform of faith, teaching him that there is a stay which never fails those who resolve to lean upon it.

This is one of the advantages resulting from possessing a man's entire works; we see the growth of his ideas, we observe the process by which he corrects his opinions, lays his errors aside one after the other, and grasps and clings to those mighty truths which form the great heirloom of humanity. Mr. Reade's works will now make their way into general circulation, slowly it may be, but surely. He has run the Olympian race, and it is for the public to bestow the laurel which the victor demands. We have done our duty, briefly but earnestly, by pointing out to our readers what it is to their interest to be acquainted with; and we trust that the poet himself may be content with his reward.

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- ART. V.—*A Letter to Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., M.P., on certain Statements, in an article of the Edinburgh Review, No. 193, entitled 'Bishop Philpotts.'* By Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter. London: Murray. 1852.
2. *A Pastoral Letter.* By the Bishop of Exeter. Eighth edition. London: Murray. 1851.
3. *Edinburgh Review*, No. 193. Art. Bishop Philpotts.
4. *A Letter to the Right Honourable George Canning, on the Bill of 1825, for removing the disqualifications of his Majesty's Roman Catholic Subjects, and on his Speech in support of the same.* By Rev. Henry Philpotts, D.D., Rector of Stanhope. Seventh Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1827.

IN our intercourse with the world, we meet now and then with a man who seems deliberately to set himself up as a target for the shafts of public animadversion; who studiously exhibits himself in the most offensive attitudes; who parades his misdeeds, and dins the ears of society with the proclamation of his inconsistencies; who cuts himself off from sympathy by showing no mercy; and who, by the bravery and superfluity of his naughtiness, seems to mock the delay, and to challenge the swoop of an avenging Nemesis. Such a man is the Bishop of Exeter. The strange inconsistencies of his career, coupled with the prosperity by which it has been crowned, the merciless rigour with which he has hounded down men, whom in charity to him we may denominate his Christian brethren, through those courts of law, the precincts of which are strewn like the

mouth of the lion's cave, with the bones of innocent victims, and over whose portals imagination seems to read the dismal characters *vestigia nulla retrorsum*; the insolence of his insubordination, and the petulance of his ecclesiastical magistracy, his self-complacent indifference to exposure, and his assumption, amidst the rebukes of society, of the airs of injured innocence and persecuted piety, invest even candour itself with the appearance of weakness, and causes the very charity that endureth all things to regard with indifference the demolition of his public reputation.

The 'Edinburgh Review' has recently performed an act of retribution, by the production of such an article on the political and administrative career of the Bishop of Exeter as it has seldom been our lot to peruse; and although some of its charges have been partially rebutted in his lordship's reply now before us, yet, as a whole, we cannot but regard it, not so much in the light of an accusation, as of a judgment from which there lies no valid appeal, and the effects of which are not very likely to be lived down by any future course of reformation. Time may heal the wound; but unless our diagnosis is most erroneous, the scar will never be effaced but with the memory of the Bishop.

This grave and deliberate judgment, from a tribunal which for upwards of half a century has held a sort of supremacy over the realm of literature, and scarcely less over that of politics, the Bishop of Exeter affects not to have read. This profession, indeed, very generally elicits a significant smile which we shall not translate into words. We must, however, observe that the letter to Sir Robert Inglis exhibits such an acquaintance with the Review as reflects great credit on the expository powers of the judicious friend to whose examination the Bishop states that he submitted it.

Nor can we help noticing that his lordship's registrar and secretary, Mr. Barnes, contributes his quota of defence at the Bishop's request, in terms which seem to indicate his conviction that his patron was thoroughly acquainted with the entire article. The bishop says,—

'I have not read the 'Review' myself, for I make it my rule never to read anonymous attacks on me. But seeing casually the advertisements which announced my name, in the list of articles of the recent number, I desired a friend, on whose judgment I could rely, to inform me whether there were in it any matters which require my notice. He has stated to me, that there are two such matters—first, that which I have mentioned; and secondly, what relates to a trial for libel at Exeter in March, 1848, arising out of a speech made by Lord Seymour to his constituents at Totnes.'

These are the only topics to which the bishop professes to have addressed his attention. Yet, in the defensive letter of the secretary to his lordship, he uses some phraseology which would not seem at first sight likely to be addressed to one who was a stranger to the article on which the letter was a comment. Such language as the following, for example, would seem to indicate a foregone understanding between the prelate and his secretary; '*the reviewer's romance* about "Monmouth's Rebellion," and "Judge Jeffreys" I may well pass over;' nor can we fail to remark, that the secretary's style, whether from frequent association or from some other cause, bears a remarkable resemblance to that of his patron.

Our purpose in this article, as indicated by the works whose titles we have prefixed, is twofold—the first, to examine the controversy between the Edinburgh Reviewer and the Bishop of Exeter; and the second, to enter upon the wider and more important field of ecclesiastical and theological controversy, opened by his lordship in the pastoral letter which he substituted for his latest charge to the clergy of his diocese.

The first of these topics relates to the alleged tergiversation of the Bishop of Exeter on the Catholic question, in consequence of which it is broadly stated by the reviewer, that he won his ecclesiastical promotion—together with the charges of nepotism and mal-administration of his episcopal functions. We shall reverse the order of the bishop, and first dispose of the latter of these charges as briefly as possible. The cases of Mr. Gorham and Mr. Shore are, we presume, sufficiently known to our readers. The first—the only one on which we must stop to comment—was that of a man of high position and unblemished integrity, who was dragged through the most ruinously-expensive ecclesiastical processes, and at last acquitted by the Privy Council, on the ground that the original framers of the Anglican church deliberately designed to effect a compromise between popery and protestantism, and that, in the present and future administration of that church, that design must be effectually carried out. This decision requires no comment; it is practically proclaimed by the two great parties which at present divide the Established Church, and if a seal were wanted to legitimize this illicit connexion, we should have it in the practice of the Bishop of Exeter himself, who unites the profession and the lucre of protestantism with those principles and practices, which, like an encroaching tide, corrode and undermine to their downfall the natural bulwarks of the system to which he is solemnly pledged.

But the charge on which the bishop lays the greatest stress is that of having reversed his procedure on the question of the

Catholic claims, for the sake of the rich reward which he received; and here we must affirm our conviction that the case of the bishop has altogether broken down, and that the opinions of the reviewer, supported, as we believe them to be, by the general voice of the public, remain unshaken and impregnable.

The Bishop of Exeter strives to show that he was never a very strong opponent of Catholic emancipation, but that he only advocated the necessity of adequate securities for the integrity of the Protestant Established Church of England and Ireland. In proof of this, he adduces a series of letters, hitherto unpublished, between himself and the late Lord Eldon (with whom he was connected by marriage), which, as we shall endeavour to show, benefit him not a whit in the vindication of his consistency.

In his celebrated pamphlet, addressed to Mr. Canning, he reminds him of his affirmation, that nothing less would satisfy him in the form of security, than the concession of a veto to the crown on the appointment of all Catholic bishops, and adds, committing himself to the same principle, 'similar language was at that time held by every sober and enlightened advocate of the same cause.' In his recent letter to Sir Robert Inglis, he reproduces, of course under the compulsion of an obvious necessity, similar statements of the views he then entertained. Thus, in a private letter to the late Lord Eldon, we find the following language:—'I will set out with observing, that it would appear to me utterly intolerable, in framing these securities, to have recourse to any Roman Catholics, least of all to the pope;' and again, with characteristic slyness—'It would appear to me of main importance, in framing such securities, to avoid all mention of Roman Catholics, and to make laws in general terms, which, while they operate on all, should yet be so devised as to provide against the particular dangers to be apprehended from that sect.' But could Dr. Philpotts imagine for a moment that such a concession could be made by any Roman Catholic, without a previous repudiation of those maxims which constitute the basis of his church? He had dwelt too long on the very borders of the Romish camp, if, indeed, he had not occasionally penetrated it in the disguise of a spy, not to be thoroughly acquainted with their tactics and laws of ecclesiastical warfare. Indeed, he himself cites the language of a vicar apostolic, a most distinguished divine, nay, the most prominent individual of his communion in England, that he would rather lose the last drop of his blood, than be instrumental to a non-catholic king obtaining *any power or influence* over any part of his church. To what, then, does the

bishop's self-vindication amount? His object is dexterously to convey the impression, that he was never strongly opposed to the Catholic claims, and thus to conceal in a mist of sophistry his faithlessness to his party and his pretended principles, in conceding those claims, and recording his vote for Sir Robert Peel, as member for the University of Oxford, who, in the eyes of those with whom he had heretofore acted, will always be regarded as the arch traitor to the Protestant faith. His mode of defending the vote last referred to, is remarkably characteristic of that dexterity of evasion which constitutes Dr. Philpotts the Loyola of the episcopal bench. His excuse is, that it is the honourable distinction of the University of Oxford, when once it has elected a representative in parliament, to continue to him the undisturbed possession of his seat, unless he should forfeit the confidence of his constituents, by some flagrant departure from the principles which ought to actuate public men.

On this showing, we confess we are at a loss to imagine how Sir Robert could have commended his immaculate innocence to such a mind as the Bishop's. It was certainly not from the gradual nature of that process which issued in Sir Robert's conversion; for, a few months before he introduced the Catholic Emancipation Bill, his advocacy of Protestant ascendancy was as savoury as even a Philpotts could desire; nor could it have arisen from that oscillating moderation, which on some other subjects was so characteristic of Sir Robert; on the contrary, no opponent of the Catholics had signalized himself by language more stern and decisive. No such considerations can account for the doctor's leniency to the illustrious apostate; and perhaps the most delicate solution of the difficulty would be that which should ascribe it to certain astral influences, which, amidst the tactics of the stars, may account for the simultaneousness of those otherwise unaccountable changes, panics, and hopes, which constitute man a psychological curiosity. In a word, Peel's conversion was a godsend to Philpotts; it was the shield of Ajax covering the little Teucer, from behind which he shot his arrows, and violated a sacred truce.

Still Dr. Philpotts is a lucky man; he reminds us of that domestic animal, which, when thrown from a four pair of stairs window, alights infallibly on its feet. The ground he accidentally took in that opposition to the Catholic claims, which unquestionably raised him to the bench, turns out to be more fortunate than even his prophetic soul could have anticipated. The ninety-nine yield to his assertion, that he did not verbally oppose the Catholic claims, *per se*, but only insisted on valid securities. It is, as he well knows, only one in a hundred who perceives that those securities were such as he knew no Catholic

could concede; and therefore his entire defence of his consistency is but a specious falsehood. He has kept an eye on both worlds, and may have the credit of succeeding, so far as human ingenuity can succeed, in combining the sweets of lucre with the odour of a pretended sanctity. After this, we fancy that the following words were dictated to the pen of Dr. Philpotts by an evil genius, which saw much further into futurity than his prosperous victim:—‘Still there is something respectable in this daring defiance of all the claims of consistency, this bold contradiction to former opinions, however deliberately adopted, however repeatedly and solemnly recorded,—when compared with the illusory and shifting course pursued by others; by those who, affecting to be faithful to their ancient principles, have surrendered them all one after another, at the dictation of men who repay their subservience only with ill-dissembled ridicule!’

But he goes further than this. He pleads that no person should be eligible to the privileges claimed, unless he swear his belief that no Protestant kings or people are excluded from the pale of salvation—another principle notoriously adverse to the immemorial dogma of the Romish church; and further, that the monarch is over all persons, and in all causes, *ecclesiastical* and civil, to the laws of this kingdom in anywise appertaining, within these his dominions supreme.’ This and a variety of other provisos were insisted upon by Dr. Philpotts, when rector of Stanhope, in which it is obvious that the Catholics could not acquiesce, and the proposal of which, therefore, virtually amounted to that absolute denial of the Catholic claims, from which he now affects to shrink.

If anything were wanting to make this line of observation conclusive, it is presented to our hands by Dr. Philpotts himself. ‘Let those,’ he says, ‘who will, object to such a form; *their objection would only prove more strongly the necessity of requiring it.*’ Thus, with profound duplicity, Dr. Philpotts proposes oaths to all classes, without any specific mention of Roman Catholics, but *such* oaths, be it understood, as it is manifestly impossible for a Roman Catholic to take, and having left himself this loop-hole of subtle evasion, dares to answer the Edinburgh reviewer, with the pretence, that he had not absolutely repudiated the claims of the Catholics, but only taken valid securities for the conservation of that Establishment on which he parasitically lives, like the misletoe on the oak, an object of wonder to every honest member of the Protestant church, who, in spite of his fiscal sappiness, views with alarmed curiosity the abnormal growth,

‘Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.’

In one sense Bishop Philpotts has been consistent. Lord Roden and his party have uniformly opposed the Catholics as lions; and he has, with equal consistency, circumvented them as a snake. Unhappily this metaphor has a twofold significance; for by his doctrinal theories, and by his gradually encroaching observance, he has twined around his prey the coils in which he crushed his intended food. He first enfolded popery as a victim, and then swallowed it as a sacrament.

We have said that the Bishop professes that he has not read the article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and that the friend whom he requested to do so in his stead, suggested two charges only as requiring his attention. We have seen with how much success he disposes of the former; with relation to the latter, he assigns his vindication to his registrar and secretary, Mr. Barnes, who attempts it in a letter to his Lordship, headed Patronage—Nepotism—Lapses. The dexterous plausibility of this letter is worthy of the Bishop himself. By omitting the stronger points of the reviewer's case, and by handling no part of it which was likely to break down, he has produced a document, which, if read by a person unacquainted with the article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' might seem to leave no ground for very serious accusation. If the lines in which Horace describes a good writer of dramatic fiction had been directly prophetic of Mr. Barnes's letter, they could not have been more minutely characteristic:—

— et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit;
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepat imum.

Under the head of Nepotism, indeed, we find an exception to this observation. The way in which, even according to the statements of his secretary, his Lordship provided for his dependant relations out of the resources of his diocese, though not quite so outrageous as the case of Bishop Sparks, of Ely, still strikingly shews the importance of alienating all patronage from the hands of bishops. The case appears to stand thus;—to one of his own sons he gave one benefice; while to his eldest he gave another of about the same value, and the arch-deaconry of Cornwall in addition; a third living to a son-in-law, if we ought not rather to say, to a daughter; a fourth, to another son-in-law; a fifth, to a gentleman about to become his son-in-law; a sixth, to a nephew of his own; and a seventh, to a nephew of his wife.

The secretary seeks to mitigate the case of nepotism which he is thus compelled to detail, by appending to the mention of

some of these benefices that he thought they were of about the 'clear value' of three hundred pounds a-year. But a mystery lurks in the words 'clear value,' for the elucidation of which some information would be necessary as to the nature of those deductions which constitute the difference between the *gross* and *clear* value. On this point Mr. Horsman has conferred a great favour on the uninitiated. He gives the case (probably not an uncommon one) of a clergyman who returned the clear value of a living he held worth fifteen hundred a-year, as one hundred and fifty-pounds; and on a more particular statement being required, specified as deductions, the expense of keeping saddle-horses for his own use, carriage and horses for his wife, public schools for his sons, and the most accomplished education for his daughters. Indeed, one of the bishops has even claimed, as a deduction from his gross income, the sum of £681 for his gamekeepers and watchers on the moors! In short, the reader may take our word for it, that there is no phrase in the ecclesiastical vocabulary, not excepting 'sound doctrine' and 'teaching,' or 'intention, of the Church' more flexible in its meaning, or more beautifully adapted to the purposes of equivocation than the words 'clear value.'

The 'Edinburgh Reviewer' exacerbates the case against the bishop, by dwelling with great severity on the fact, that one of his lordship's sons, on whom he conferred ordination and church preferment, was refused by his college, on the ground of his misconduct, the ordinary testimonials in the absence of which it has always been a principle with Dr. Philpotts, and very properly so, to refuse to ordain a candidate. The bishop, in the recently published pamphlet before us, attempts an explanation of this extraordinary procedure, which, while it must have been alike humiliating and painful to his feelings, leaves, we fear, the substance of the charge unrefuted and inexcusable. We refrain, however, from any further examination of this part of the subject; and we must say, that with so strong a case as the reviewer had in his hands, he would have shown better taste if, from respect to parental affection, he had touched this more tender point with a gentler hand.

We now come to the main purpose we have proposed to ourselves in this article—viz., an examination of the theological principles of the Bishop of Exeter, as set forth in the last pastoral letter addressed by his lordship to his clergy in substitution for the ordinary triennial charge. His lordship commences with a clear and careful exposition of the relation sustained by ecclesiastical and civil authorities, and demonstrates with great learning their entire separateness and independence of each other. Indeed, we doubt if anything more than his own concessions is necessary to establish the

illegitimacy of the union between church and state. The separateness of their judicial provinces he clearly proves; and if the functions of the church were confined to church discipline, and did not touch the personal liberty and secular interests of men, his principles would by no means necessitate the dissolution of the union. But if, through the intervention of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, appealed to by the Bishop of Exeter himself, one of his clergy can be deprived of the temporalities constitutionally conferred on him by the Lord Chancellor, and another be incarcerated in a common gaol, it is manifest that such powers must be under the ultimate control of a civil government, whose sole duty is the protection of the lives, the liberties, and property of the subject. It is singular that this conclusion was not suggested to Dr. Philpotts by the course of his own argument; for he contends that the Archbishop of Canterbury was disqualified from being a judge, or even an assessor, in the Gorham case, as having already pronounced judgment thereon by his official, the Dean of the Court of Arches. But could it have escaped the notice of the Bishop, that neither the Gorham case, nor any similar one, is argued or decided in the Court of Arches by clergymen, or necessarily by churchmen—or even by Christians? and how far the archbishop can be said to have pronounced through the said official, as his representative, may be learned from the broad fact, that his Grace at once reversed the judgment. That, indeed, must be a strange constitutional government in which wrong-headed and turbulent priests can hale innocent men to prison, or deprive them of their means of subsistence, without the control or cognizance of the civil jurisdiction.

The consideration of the decision of the Privy Council in the case of Mr. Gorham naturally introduces the main doctrine involved in that dispute—that of baptismal regeneration. In discussing it, his lordship lays down the doctrine of justification in six canons, which by their very brevity indicate the care with which they have been written. They are in the following terms:—

‘I. The *efficient* cause is God himself. So the third part of the Homily* tells us, “*God of his mercy, through the only merits and deservings of His Son Jesus Christ, doth justify us.*”

‘II. The *meritorious* cause is, “His most dearly beloved Son, our only Redeemer, Saviour, and *Justifier*, Jesus Christ,” as is expressed in the second part of the same Homily.

‘III. The *formal* cause is, as the same Homily states in its very outset, “the forgiveness of man’s sins and trespasses.”

* The Homily of ‘Common Prayer and Sacrament.’

‘IV. The instrument by which God is pleased to convey it, is “Baptism,” in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, as we have just seen in the passage cited from the same Homily.

‘V. The instrument by which man receives it, is *faith* in the merits of Christ, and in the promises of God made to us in and by that baptism.

‘VI. The *continuing* or *preserving* cause is, “walking in newness of life.” The same Sacrament, which gives him justification, makes him a new creature. “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature” (2 Cor. v. 17); and “as many as are baptized into Christ have put on Christ” (Gal. iii. 27), they are “in Christ” most strictly.’—‘Pastoral,’ p. 19.

We must not suffer ourselves to be drawn into either of the great controversies opened in these propositions, but only make a few brief suggestions which the thoughtful reader may carry out for himself. The bishop declares that baptism is the instrument by which God conveys justification, and that faith (evidently meaning faith exercised at the time of baptism) is the instrument by which it is received. Further, that baptism which gives him justification makes him a new creature, and that the putting on of Christ—an act, be it remembered, attributed by St. Paul to the *baptized person*, as the agent—is synonymous with being ‘in Christ,’ and becoming ‘a new creature.’ So that the bishop concludes, as is obviously deducible from the above considerations, that the meaning of the Apostle, in the passage quoted from the second Epistle to the Corinthians, may be given as follows:—‘Therefore, if any man or infant have been baptized, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.’ The reader, by perusing the context in the Epistle, and substituting the above words for those which stand in the original, will, we think, be qualified to form a judgment on this part of the Bishop of Exeter’s theology.

Perhaps, too, the reader of his Lordship’s six canons may be struck by a conspicuous absence—an emphatic silence. Not a word occurs in the bishop’s scheme of human salvation about the office and influence of the Holy Spirit. But to counter-balance this omission, we find the *presence* of some authorities, which a thoughtful student of scripture would not have been prepared to expect. Three fundamental principles of the Christian religion are laid down on no weightier warrant than that of an uninspired homily. Times seem to have changed since a clergyman of Dr. Philpotts’ church declared that the Bible alone was the religion of Protestants. Indeed, the Bishop of Exeter seems, in the discussion of the great doctrines of the gospel, only to be reminded by a rare casualty that there is such a book as the ‘New Testament.’ Whether the reason is, that the language of scripture would not suit his purpose,

or that it is undesirable to bring it too freely before the laity, the fact is unquestionable, and is so striking as to deserve to be verified by a few quotations from this elaborate pastoral.

We do not, of course, expect any reference to scripture in a statement of the constitution of the Anglican church. There are some subjects from which such references are necessarily excluded on the most obvious principles of necessity, propriety, or taste. The statutes of Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Elizabeth, and the *dicta* of Bracton and *Lord Coke*, the bishop finds more relevant, and to them he accordingly confines himself. But on matters of Christian doctrine he is equally shy of 'the Law and the Testimony.' Thus, as to the efficacy of faith, he says (p. 22), 'True it is, that *the church* does say, in the 11th article, "That we are justified by faith *only*," (with the qualification which has been cited from the Homily); but never does the church say, as the archbishop says, "Faith *alone* justifies;" or, "we are justified by faith *alone*."' Again (p. 23), on Justification, 'If baptism does not *concur towards* our justification, what is the meaning of the article in the *Nicene Creed*—"I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins?" Is not baptism *here* expressly declared to "concur towards" "remission of sins," therefore, "towards justification?"' What right the Council of Nicæa, held in 325, and presided over by the Emperor Constantine, who was not himself at the time a Christian even by profession, has to an appellate jurisdiction on such a question as this, we are at a loss to imagine; and how a man, professing himself a Christian minister, and who may fairly be supposed to have had a Bible in his possession, should carry the appeal to such a court, is still more extraordinary, and lamentably suggestive.

But the bishop carries his business into far lower courts than the Council of Nicæa. After citing a passage from the 'Tracts for the Times,' No. 90, on Justification, he says, 'I prefer the clearer and more symmetrical language of *Dr. Waterland*;' and adds, 'thus the shaft aimed at the Tractarians (viz., by the Archbishop of Canterbury), does in truth strike no less a name than Waterland!' Two lines lower, we find Dr. Philpotts writing, 'A greater than Waterland is the next object of his Grace's attack.' The reader, of course, expects some pregnant declaration of the Messiah. But no. Instead of this, we read, 'Yet this is the express language of *Bishop Bull*, as it is given in his "*Harmonia Apostolica*!"'

Again, on the doctrine of Absolution—

'If any one will still contend, that He did not say that "He would set up a power upon earth which should possess His authority, act in His stead, and as His vicegerent dispense His anger or His favour,"—I

answer, that this cannot be affirmed by any minister, much less by any bishop of our church; for every one of us, my reverend brethren, hath again and again solemnly declared our assent and consent to what is every day declared in God's house, that "Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, hath given power and commandment to His ministers, to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins." Again, to the awful formula of absolving the dying penitent: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to His church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and *by His authority committed to me*, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—lb. pp. 34-35.

Again, in controverting the views of the primate as to the union of the church with its Divine Head, no allusion is made whatever to the testimony of scripture, but merely to an office in the Prayer-book, which may, for anything that is known to the contrary, have been composed by a prelate who knew but little of real religion, and possibly cared still less, or by an archbishop, whose apostasies and recantations leave it impossible to assign him to any communion at all. 'Let us remember,' says Dr. Philpotts, 'that *our church* has plainly declared its real sense on this article of our creed. For, in the most solemn of all its services, it commands us to thank God, "for that he hath vouchsafed to assure us, by our duly receiving the body and blood of Christ, that we are *very members incorporate in the mystical body of his Son*, which is the blessed company of all faithful people." Such is *our church's* own statement of its own mystical nature.'

The total exclusion of the authority of scripture from this prelate's investigations of every department of Christian doctrine, will be observed again in the following anecdote respecting the doctrine of apostolical succession, supposed (though most gratuitously) to be declared in the words, 'Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. The question of the examining chaplain on this text leads to the following dialogue:—

'*Candidate*.—"I consider that in these words our Lord chartered his Eleven as the Apostolic College, with undying power of succession; and the application I make of this doctrine is, that none should presume to minister in holy things who cannot show their connexion with this Apostolic College by lawful ordination from bishops, in the true succession from the Apostles."

'*Examining Chaplain*.—"This is a very strong statement, Mr. —."

'*Candidate*.—"I believe it to be true, sir,"

'*Examining Chaplain*.—"What, then, will you do with those who cannot get this succession?"

'Candidate.—"I pronounce no opinion concerning them. He who is sole governor of His own world, and who has placed them in this position, will deal with them according to the laws of His own love and mercy. He has not revealed aught concerning these exceptional cases; and I dare not re-adjust His laws."

'Examining Chaplain.—"I am aware that this is the view of what are called the *great* divines of our church. I think it very uncharitable. If the bishop thinks fit to ordain you with these views, the responsibility is his own."

'The bishop, I rejoice to say, did ordain him then deacon, and, at the end of a year, priest.'—*Ib.* pp. 42-43.

The reader will begin to be sick of the wretched absurdity of '*our church declares,*' '*our church denies,*' and so forth, *usque ad nauseam*, when all that is meant is, that doctor so-and-so declared this or that, and that his declaration was indorsed by some Tudor or Stuart. Yet we cannot do justice to the bishop's theological character without citing a few more passages from his latest manifesto:—

'There is,' he says, 'a deacon still permitted, under licence of the bishop, to officiate as a deacon-assistant to a resident incumbent in a southern diocese, who, ten years ago, was a candidate, in the usual course, for the order of priests; but his bishop "refused to admit him to examination, avowedly and solely on the ground of his *declining to deny* positively all mysterious presence of our Blessed Lord's body and blood in the Holy Eucharist, excepting *in the faithful receivers*, and desiring to leave the same an open question, neither to affirm nor deny any such presence.'"

'The candidate, be it observed, distinctly denied what the church denies, and affirmed what the church affirms, *in her own words*; but he declined assenting to a certain negative proposition which the bishop laid before him.

'Thus it will be seen, that a clergyman of unquestioned integrity, ability, zeal, faithfulness in the discharge of all his sacred duties—one against whom no valid objection can, we must presume, be raised (for he is still the licensed assistant of his rector)—this very deserving clergyman is cut short in his ministerial course, because, in speaking of one of the most awful mysteries of our religion—the real *spiritual* presence of our Lord's *body* and blood in the Holy Eucharist—he feels himself bound in conscience to decline to be wise "above that which is written"—to be silent, where the word of God and the voice of the church have not spoken. And this course he found himself the rather bound to take, because the church, so far as she speaks at all, seems to favour a conclusion contrary to that of the bishop; for the 28th Article speaks of the body and blood of Christ as "given" and "taken," as well as "eaten" in the supper, "only after an heavenly and spiritual manner." Again, that there is some special effect wrought on the bread and wine in the prayer of "Consecration" seems to be implied by the distinction ordered in the Rubric (!) in dealing with what "remains of the bread and

wine *unconsecrated*”—which “the curate shall have to his own use ;” and what may “remain of that which was *consecrated*,” for this “shall not be carried out of the church,” but “the curate and such communicants as he shall call unto him shall *reverently eat and drink* the same.” Even the order, that “when all have communicated,” and before the post Communion, “the minister shall return to the Lord’s Table and *reverently place upon it what remaineth of the consecrated elements, covering the same with a fair linen cloth*,” has the same aspect.’—Ib. pp. 46-47.

In commenting on this language, let it not be supposed that we would treat otherwise than with profound reverence the mysteries of religion, and the declarations of scripture ; but we cannot consider that the bigoted dogmatism of such men as the Bishop of Exeter, unsupported by any warrant of revelation, imposes on us any such law of humility and caution. We do not, therefore, hesitate to declare our opinion that the terms, ‘the real spiritual presence of our Lord’s body and blood,’ involves as preposterous an absurdity as was ever uttered by a sane man ; and one which, being entirely unsupported (as usual) by any reference to the inspired Word, we can only designate as an instance of audacious presumption.

It is really difficult to deal with a passage characterized by such hopeless confusion of thought as pervades the above extract, in which, it will be observed, there does not occur the remotest reference to scripture. If the bishop receives the doctrine of transubstantiation, he should boldly and honestly affirm it. Yet what other meaning can be attached to the words, ‘*some special effect wrought on the bread and wine in the prayer of consecration*?’ If these elements only cease, when received in the sacrament, to be regarded as ordinary food, and are then considered as symbolical of something else, the change obviously passes on the feelings of the recipient. To affirm that a special change passes on the elements themselves, is neither more nor less than to maintain the doctrine of transubstantiation. What, again, can any intelligent Christian understand by such utterly unauthorized terms, as the real *spiritual* presence of our Lord’s *body and blood* ? The bodily presence of our Lord, and his *spiritual* presence, we can alike understand. But surely we have a right to ask the bishop, as the words are his own, what he means by the spiritual presence of a body ? To reverence the mysteries of religion is one thing, but to admit the Bishop of Exeter’s confusion of ideas and contradictions in terms, is, we venture to think, another and a very different thing.

After this the reader will be prepared to hear that Dr. Philpotts views with the utmost horror, the prevalence of what he is pleased to call ultra-protestantism—

‘A system,’ he says, ‘which, in its full-grown strength, (God grant, whatever be present appearances, that it attain not to that strength among ourselves!) is far more pernicious than Romanism itself; for Romanism, while it corrupts and mars the truth by accretions of error more or less destructive, according to the varying conditions of the hearts on which they fall, does yet retain the whole body of faith itself, which the other (accompanied though it often be by much of piety) maims and truncates, at the bidding of man’s wisdom, squaring the Revelations of God to its own presumptuous measure of what is reasonable, good, and edifying.’—Ib. p. 41.

Indeed, the bishop ignores the very term, ‘the Protestant Faith,’ as unintelligible and absurd. ‘It is not,’ he says, ‘with anything like a wish to carp at words, that I avow my ignorance of what is meant by the phrase “the Protestant Faith.” “Protestant” and “Faith” are terms which do not seem to me to accord together; the object of “Faith” is divine truth, the object of “Protestant” is human error. How, therefore, can the one be an attribute of the other?’*

It never fell to our lot to expose a more dishonest and impudent piece of sophistry than this. Faith has most assuredly reference to divine truth as revealed in the Bible; and the term Protestant has reference to those anti-christian errors, which (apparently much to the bishop’s satisfaction) the Roman-catholic Church has presumed to add to it. The Protestant faith, therefore, simply means faith in the gospel, un-mixed with the anti-Christian errors and observances with which the impious presumption of men has overlaid and obscured it. If Dr. Philpotts does not understand this, it is high time that he should cease to understand—what we apprehend he is the only man living who *does* understand—the real annual value of the see of Exeter.

But we begin to tire of our subject; we are nauseated with the perusal of this prelate’s sanctimonious paragraphs, when we compare them with the scriptures which he professes to receive, and with the articles and obligations to which he has bound himself by repeated oaths. In his pastoral letter, we constantly imagine ourselves to be reading the lengthened opinion of a special pleader, who is exerting the most tortuous ingenuity in consideration of a heavy fee. We firmly believe that no writer out of the school of professed deists ever dishonoured the word of God so flagrantly as the Bishop of Exeter has done in the pastoral letter before us;—

* Dr. Philpotts speaks (p. 44) of “the vast power of the primate of all England, the *second* spiritual chief of Christendom—*alterius orbis Papa!*”

‘Content yourselves, in the first instance, with urging on your people the authority of *their church*.’—p. 66.

‘Of “the pure word of God,” the eighth article tells you where it is to be found, even in “the three Creeds, which ought thoroughly to be received and believed, for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture.” The articles of these Creeds, therefore, are to be preached by us if we are faithful ministers of the Gospel, in their purity and integrity, and as “the Word of God,” as articles of “the Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved.” In other words, it is not enough to preach them as *mere truths*—much less as probable and safe opinions—they must be preached, I repeat, as integral parts of the *Catholic faith*.’—p. 67.

‘I have seen also, that “prayer for the dead is urged as a positive duty.” Whatever might have been said on this subject during the continuance of the first Book of Common Prayer of King Edward VI., I cannot but consider that to urge such an alleged *duty* now, is an excess well meriting correction. The *lawfulness* of prayers for the departed in the church of England was decided by the Court of Arches, in the celebrated *Woolfery* case. But this does not make it lawful for a clergyman to urge as a *duty* a practice which the church thought it best to withdraw from the public service.

‘I have seen, again, that “a superstitious use of the sign of the Cross is recommended as profitable.” Now, I am quite sure that you will agree with me in condemning any such recommendation. I will go further, and say, that I think, in the present state of our church, a faithful and discreet clergyman would be *very cautious* how he recommended the use of the Cross in any case in which the *order of the church, or common practice*, has not authorized it.’—p. 51.

‘I read, in the same place, a condemnation of the statement, that “the mediation of the saints is a probable doctrine;” (by *doctrine*, I conclude, is here meant *opinion*).

‘Now, I must frankly own, that I see nothing whatever in any degree objectionable in setting forth such an opinion, as an opinion.’—p. 52.

‘Never would I permit myself to say anything in discouragement of auricular confession in either of the two cases mentioned above: *auricular* confession, I say, because it is the phrase used by our church in the first book of King Edward VI., speaking of secret confession—and because the 113th canon straitly charges and admonishes, &c.’—p. 57.

And again, as to communion. ‘The first book of Edward VI. contemplated daily communion, and our present book orders weekly communion, wherever there are several priests.’ And again, ‘as to ritual observances in the worship of God, where no prohibition, expressed or implied, and no reason drawn from the particular office, or from the general tone and nature of our Liturgy, is opposed to the introduction of a Catholic usage practised before Edward VI.’s reign. I am not prepared to say that such a thing is always improper—much less merits the reprobation of the whole episcopal body.’

One more quotation from the Bishop of Exeter, and we will gladly drop this subject. In allusion to the authority of the reigning monarch to regulate the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Christ, his Lordship says:—

‘I turn to the words of the “Admonition” appended to Queen Elizabeth’s injunctions, which are cited in the 37th Article:—

‘We give [to our Princes] *that only prerogative*, which we see to have been *given always to all godly princes in Holy Scriptures* by God himself; that is, that they should *rule* all states and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal, and restrain with the *civil sword* the stubborn and evil doers. Making no distinction, it will be observed, between conscientious religionists and murderers, except in so far as the word ‘stubborn’ designates the one, and ‘evil-doers’ the other.

‘Now, what is “the prerogative given to godly princes in Holy Scriptures?” Happily, we need not involve ourselves in any extensive search for it; for we have almost contemporary evidence of the sense put on the words in the age in which they were used. The 2nd canon of 1604 excommunicates, *ipso facto*, “whosoever shall hereafter affirm that the king’s majesty hath not the same authority in causes ecclesiastical, that the godly kings had amongst the Jews and Christian emperors in the primitive church.”’—pp. 97-98.

This is gross enough; but there is ‘in the lowest deep, a lower deep;’ for we find in the same page the following words, ‘But let us see what King James HIMSELF said on the same subject.’ If the bishop had said, ‘Let us see what our Lord himself said on the same subject,’ we should not have been surprised. But is it at last come to this, that a man that is not only a professed minister, but a manufacturer of professed ministers of Christ, dares to appeal from His authority, to that of a profane, perjured, and frivolous buffoon—a vulgar slipshod pedant, such as James I.!

The conclusions suggested by a former part of this article respecting the consistency of this prelate’s conduct, and the purity of his motives on the Catholic question, and his subsequent administration of a diocese, are too obvious to be dwelt upon. One most efficient means of preventing crime is the withdrawal of temptation; and so the best means of securing public virtue is to remove from the hands of government the means of corrupting it by bribes. The power of rewarding venality and infidelity to principle with benefices and bishoprics, is one of the most demoralizing and mischievous that spring out of the disastrous union of church and state.

The matters, however, examined in the subsequent part of this paper, suggest some inferences so deserving of public consideration as to demand a few concluding remarks. The first

and most obvious of these inferences respects the proved inefficacy of an established church, not only to secure uniformity of religious belief, but even to preserve inviolate the fundamentals of faith. He must be a most minute theological anatomist who can mention a single form or phase of religious belief which does not find its representatives in the Anglican church. Well may the Bishop of Exeter be enamoured of the term Catholic, and din us with his solitary epithet — Catholic truth, Catholic teaching, Catholic observance, until we expect next to hear of Catholic small-clothes and Catholic gaiters. Unquestionably it is Catholic enough! Its language would seem to be, 'Walk in, gentlemen; you may be Papists or Protestants—not of the smallest consequence; Arminians or Calvinists—no matter; the royal supremacy, or the church's supremacy, is a mere trifle; Baptists, Congregationalists, Tractarians—it is all the same. If the Bishop of Exeter won't institute you, exchange your benefice; the Bishop of Ely will: walk in, gentlemen, and make your game.' Such is the church which, according to the 20th article, 'hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in all controversies of faith!' Under this view of the subject, it is perfectly amusing to read the language of Dr. Philpotts—

'If the claim be true, then is the commission given by our Lord to his Apostles "to feed his sheep" virtually abandoned in this country, and transferred to the secular power; then is the Church of England no longer really a church—no longer a branch of that Catholic Church, whose first and highest title it is to be "the Pillar and Ground of the Truth." That truth would, in England, be recognised as at the disposal of the ministers of the crown for the time being—ministers, who hold their offices at the pleasure of a parliament which no longer professes to be a body of churchmen—no longer bound to uphold, as the highest interest of themselves and the people whom they represent, the spiritual rights and duties of the church.'—*Ib.* pp. 93-99.

'Truth at the disposal of ministers of the crown for the time being!' Why, where is the difference between this and the truth being at the disposal of bishops and rectors for the 'time being?' Is not the one as shifting a body as the other? Nay, what body, however shifting, can constitute a more unsuitable court of appeal than one in which a bishop of Exeter can excommunicate an archbishop of Canterbury, and declare that he never saw a volume of the same size which contained one-tenth part so much heresy as that which lies before him, and bears the signature of his own archbishop?

Ministers, too, we are told, 'hold their offices at the pleasure of a parliament which no longer professes to be a body of churchmen!' When was there ever a time when such a profes-

sion, if made, would have been worth one straw? Nay, when was there a time since the Reformation, when many of the clergy of England would not have been conscious of arrant hypocrisy in making the profession, not of being churchmen, but of being Christians. All this the Bishop of Exeter knows.

In a word, the whole system is a farce—an insult alike to reason and religion. The cure of souls is bought and sold every week at Garraway's;* and men, without the slightest knowledge of theology or sense of religion, continually undertake, as a mere investment, the functions of which the Bishop of Exeter speaks with such sanctimonious solemnity. We repeat, the whole system is a delusion and a farce; and we are persuaded that no man living is more thoroughly convinced of this than the Bishop of Exeter himself.

But the most important conclusion suggested by the pastoral letter of Dr. Philpotts is, that the tendency of the Anglican church, as far as respects a large proportion of its clergy, is to substitute ecclesiastical canons and offices for the word of God. In charging his clergy, the Bishop of Exeter appeals, as we have seen, mainly to these, on the various questions of doctrine and practice which he handles, and exhorts them in their ministrations chiefly to impress upon their hearers the sacredness of the same authority. This is, indeed, an ominous symptom of retrogression. It throws back our reflections to those dismal ages of intellectual, moral, and spiritual eclipse, in which, amidst a universal submission to the authority of the church, religion only retained its divinely-guaranteed existence on lonely mountain sides, in dens and caves of the earth, or in the dungeons of priestly despotism. We cannot forget that the palmiest days of ecclesiastical authority were the days of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, of Cimmerian ignorance and Gothic superstition; in which truth and genius shone not as with sunlight, but only gleamed amidst the darkness from few and flickering tapers; in which humanity sounded the depths of its lowest estate, and the universal mind of man seemed to suffer a period of hybernation, and lay beneath the view of higher intelligences an inanimate and shapeless chrysalis.

It remains to be seen, if all that, under the providence of God, has been done for our species, and achieved by indi-

* 'The disposal of what is called church patronage in this manner is not the exception but the rule; it is not a matter of secrecy or one that escapes public observation; it is looked on as a theory of course; and so far has this monstrous abuse been sanctified by custom, that while no one expects to see a vacancy in the church filled according to merit, the filling of it in the most profligate way scarcely provokes reprobation!'—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

vidual minds, since the revival of letters and the reformation of religion, is to be undone by a clique of grasping and ambitious priests. The highest interests of society in recent ages have ever been commensurate with the unimpeded circulation and the reverential reception of the scriptures. Beneath the beams of that luminary from which the impenetrable covering of an obsolete tongue was removed by the venerable hand of Wickliffe, the human mind has lifted itself to a majesty of stature previously unknown. In the footsteps of an advancing Revelation, have sprung up all those arts, rarities, and inventions, which embellish the world, and stamp a new value on the nature and the life of man. Freedom and intelligence have tracked its path, and national greatness is its creature. Surely it cannot be designed in the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, that this revelation should once more be postponed to the gross dogmas of men, of whom little more than the name survives the oblivion of ages, and who can boast no superiority over their half worshipping successors, save in respect of sanctimonious subtlety and insatiate avarice. Such an apostasy on the part of those who have tasted 'the powers of the world to come,' to the beggarly elements of a barbarous and half-forgotten superstition, would indicate the infatuation which augurs an approaching and irremediable destruction. We cannot believe that our countrymen can be so far bewitched by a blind partiality to an ancient and corrupt institution as to enter on such a course;—a course which, in the words consecrated by the memory of departed genius and piety, 'would involve 'an impious barter of all that is good for all that is ill, through the utmost range and limits of moral destiny.'

ART. VI.—*History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.* By Lord Mahon. 8vo. Vols. V. and VI. 1763-1774. London: John Murray.

WE see no reason to alter the opinion we expressed in 1845, on the merits of Lord Mahon as a historian. They are in some respects of a high order, and entitle him to a very respectable position. No intelligent reader of his volumes can fail to perceive the traces of much diligence and pains-taking, of cautious deduction of principles from an extensive array of facts, a discriminating judgment, great candor, general accuracy in the estimate of character, and large sympathies with whatever is human. So much lies on the surface of his

work, and few histories, in consequence, are entitled to greater confidence, or may be read with more pleasure and instruction. His volumes afford ample evidence of the caution with which he has examined conflicting statements, the justice he is concerned to deal out to political opponents, the calmness with which he examines hostile theories, the bright colors he admits into his darkest pictures, and his scrupulous adherence to what he deems the wisest and the best. In reading the works of some other historians we feel that we have to do with the partizan, and that the skill of an advocate rather than the fidelity of a judge, is the one quality exhibited. There may be beauty of style, variety and richness of illustration, attractive philosophy, and profound scholarship, but the first requisite of historical composition is wanting. Our faith is unengaged. We may be pleased, we may admire, but we do not commit ourselves to the statements of the author. There is nothing to rebuke incredulity, if there is not positively much to incite it. We feel like the spectators of a gladiatorial show, and begin, immediately that the spectacle is closed, to criticise the appearance, and style, and action of the performers. If excited, we soon weary of the emotion, and seek to hide from others the joy or sorrow, which, as a fleeting cloud, has passed across our minds. Now, the case is different with the writings of Lord Mahon. Whatever else is wanting, we have the strong conviction of his opinions being maturely formed, and honestly expressed. We may differ from some of his estimates of character; we may dissent from many of his views. The errors consequent on partial knowledge, of early training, of aristocratical position, may occasionally, in our judgment, be visible; but it never occurs to us to doubt his good faith, or to suspect him of consciously yielding to any of the sinister influences which pervert the judgment. We are persuaded, from the perusal of his lordship's writings, that he is incapable of anything of this kind. In intention, at least, if not in act, he is as truthful as history should be.

Coupled, however, with these admirable qualities, there are deficiencies which prevent his ranking in the first class of historians. To say nothing of ancient models, he wants the beautiful philosophy of Mackintosh, the serene temper and penetrating sagacity of Hallam, and the brilliancy and graphic power which give to the pages of Macaulay all the attractiveness of fiction superadded to the value of history. Lord Mahon's style is plain even to a fault; his vocabulary is limited; and the construction of some of his sentences is involved and inelegant. He does not convey to us the impression of an affluent mind. There is nothing to betoken a large

accumulation from which supplies are readily drawn. We have rather the conception of a conscientious man *reading up* on every point of the history, under the painful consciousness that he might otherwise distort its features, and thus injure the cause he desires to serve. His course is, in consequence, tardy; his narrative is cold. There is no scintillation, no vital heat. He never warms with his theme, or if occasionally he appears to do so, it is only for a moment, and in a style so foreign from his usual habit, as to fail in securing the sympathy of his reader. We have to do with an intelligent, candid, and truthful narrator, rather than a powerful intellect, which, having mastered the details of a complicated subject, relates its several stages with energy and passion.

Such, in our judgment, is Lord Mahon as a historian. We have read his volumes with much pleasure, and without further preface, shall proceed to furnish our readers with some account of those now before us. The period they embrace is little known. Indeed, until lately, the materials possessed by the public were scarcely sufficient to warrant a decided judgment. Happily, however, these materials are now rapidly increasing. The Burke, Chatham, and Bedford correspondence, together with the more recently-published 'Grenville Papers,' and the 'Memoir of Lord Rockingham,' place us in a much more favorable position than our predecessors. With the exception of the last, Lord Mahon has had the advantage of consulting all these works, and his 'History' may, therefore, be taken to represent the fullest information yet possessed, viewed, of course, through the medium of his lordship's prepossessions.

George II. died in October, 1760, and was succeeded by his grandson, George III., under whose auspices the tory party was gained over to the Brunswick dynasty. So long as there was hope of the restoration of the Stuarts, the tory squirearchy toasted in private the Pretender; but the retention of the British throne by the First and Second George, the suppression of the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745, the masterly policy of the elder Pitt in breaking the force of Highland clanship, and the quiet succession of George III., admonished the leaders of this party that they must discard their Jacobite propensities, or submit to a perpetual exclusion from office. They naturally and very wisely chose the former, and the transfer of their loyalty to the new dynasty was aided by the English birth and unstained reputation of the young monarch, about whom they speedily rallied.

The House of Brunswick was unquestionably indebted to the whigs for their possession of the English throne, and the service was rewarded by a monopoly of office. The usual result

followed. Court favour changed patriots into sycophants. The disciples of Somers, the men who gloried—verbally at least—in the revolution of 1688, practically discarded the principles of their masters, while their tory opponents learned the language, and practised the policy, of an opposition. The two parties substantially changed sides—the advocates of ‘divine right’ pleaded for popular freedom, while the descendants of Hampden and Pym, of Russell and Sydney, vaunted the prerogative beneath which they sheltered. This state of things could not continue; and the accession of a young monarch, who was at first greatly influenced by his mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and her confidential adviser, the Earl of Bute, hastened the crisis. The volumes before us commence in the third year of the young king’s reign, and unfold the several stages of the approaching change. The first ten years of the reign of George III. were marked by frequent ministerial revolutions. There were few great men, and still fewer virtues in public life. It devolves almost exclusively on Pitt to redeem from utter contempt the period of which we write. At the accession of George III. he was in office, but speedily resigned on perceiving the influence of Bute, and the altered policy of the court. His popularity at this time was at its height, and might well have been so, for he retrieved the fortunes of England when they were at the lowest ebb; and diffused through every branch of the service a vigor and heroic firmness to which our annals scarcely furnish a parallel. On retiring from office he maintained at first, what Lord Mahon correctly designates ‘a lofty moderation;’ but when parliament was required to express an approval of the peace concluded by Lord Bute, he gave utterance to his views in a speech, the vehemence and profound sagacity of which could not be suppressed, even by the terrible bodily agony which he endured. This occurred December 9th, 1762, and the scene is thus briefly described:—

‘At length a shout from the thronged streets was heard by the assembled members; the doors were thrown open; and in the midst of a large acclaiming concourse was seen Mr. Pitt borne along in the arms of his servants. He was set down at the bar, from whence, by the aid of a crutch and of several friends, he crawled to his seat on the front opposition bench. His countenance appeared emaciated and ghastly; his dress was of black velvet, but both hands and feet were swathed in flannel. His speech, which, as I have elsewhere said, extended to three hours and a half, he delivered, sitting down at intervals, by the hitherto unprecedented indulgence of the House; his voice was faint and low, and he was more than once compelled to take a cordial before he could proceed. At the conclusion his agony of pain was such as to compel him to leave the House without taking part in the division. When he passed

out, the huzzas which had greeted his coming redoubled, and the multitude catching at the length of his speech, as a topic of praise shouted again and again: "Three hours and a half! Three hours and a half!"
—Vol. v. p. 13.

His oratory, however, was unavailing against the secretary of the treasury, who is alleged to have purchased votes at an enormous price. But though Pitt failed in the Commons, his policy was triumphant with the country. The unpopularity of Bute increased daily. The members of his own cabinet either voted against him, or did him equal disservice by their silence, and at length it was announced, to the amazement of the public, that impaired health compelled his retirement from public business. This occurred on the 7th of April, 1763. 'The ground I tread upon,' wrote the favorite to a private friend, 'is so hollow that I am afraid, not only of falling myself, but of involving my royal master in my ruin. It is time for me to retire.' Bute's influence, however, availed to secure the appointment, as his successor, of George Grenville, brother of Earl Temple, and brother-in-law of Pitt. The ex-minister was still omnipotent. The curtain raised, which Lord Chesterfield described as 'a very transparent one,' could not conceal him from the public eye, and he was consequently held responsible for the policy of the cabinet. The ministry of Grenville occupies an unenviable position in English history.

'We are inclined to think,' says Mr. Macaulay, and in his judgment we acquiesce, 'that the worst administration which has governed England since the revolution was that of George Grenville. His public acts may be classed under two heads—outrages on the liberty of the people, and outrages on the dignity of the Crown.*' By his celebrated Stamp Act, he raised the flames of civil war in the American colonies, and thus pledged his cabinet to a policy which issued in the declaration of independence. Wearied at length by the perplexities and feebleness of his advisers, George III. determined on a change; and his purpose was favored by Lord Bute, who did not find his successor as supple as he had expected.

'Few weeks had elapsed since Mr. Grenville had been placed at the head of the Treasury before a coolness was observed to arise between him and Lord Bute. Nor is the reason hard to be assigned. Lord Bute regarded the choice of Grenville as an act of grace and favour on his part, to be followed by corresponding marks of gratitude and deference. Grenville, on the other hand, could see no other cause for his elevation beyond his own genius and merit.'

* Essays, p. 747.

On the 27th of August, Pitt was summoned to meet the King at Buckingham House. The audience lasted three hours, and the 'Great Commoner' well sustained his reputation in the advice tendered his monarch. His bearing was lofty and firm, yet without disrespect, and he left the royal presence under the full conviction, that the task of forming an administration would be delegated to him. On the following day, however (Sunday), a secret interview took place between the king and Mr. Grenville, when the former complained of the conditions imposed by Mr. Pitt, and was emboldened to reject them. The effect was apparent on the 29th, when, according to previous arrangement, Pitt paid a second visit to Buckingham House. The parties proposed for office by the king were unacceptable to Pitt, and of those named by the latter, some were personally offensive to the monarch. 'Well, Mr. Pitt,' such are the reported words of George III., 'I see this will not do. My honour is concerned, and I must support it.' On the whole, it is apparent that the king entered on the negotiation most reluctantly, and from no other motive than the necessity of the case. His narrow understanding was incapable of appreciating the lofty genius of Pitt, whose self-dependence and noble bearing offended his kingly pride. Lord Mahon's estimate of George III. is much more favorable than ours. He possessed, we freely admit, many English qualities of which his grandfather and his son, George IV., were destitute, but they were not of the highest order, neither were they associated with others which would have smoothed their ruggedness, and given them an air of dignity and kindness. In the present case, though not positively insincere, his reluctance was such as readily to avail itself of the suggestions of Grenville.

The late administration was in consequence reinstated, with the addition of the Duke of Bedford, and that section of the whigs which acted with him. Its views and policy, however, were unchanged, and, as if the discontent awakened in America were not sufficient, a contest was commenced with one of the most worthless demagogues who ever profaned the name of patriot. We will not be tempted to enter into the narrative of which Wilkes was the hero. It is enough to remark that the ground taken by ministers was manifestly unconstitutional, and that the public mind must have been fearfully disaffected to the government, to permit so profligate an adventurer to become the idol of the people. We pass on to the fatal measure by which the Grenville administration is best known to posterity. After various preliminaries, we are told:—

'Fifty-five resolutions laying Stamp Duties on America were now

brought into the House of Commons, and afterwards embodied in an Act of Parliament. The House, since they viewed it as a Money-Bill, refused to receive four petitions against it from the agents of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia, and Carolina, besides one from the merchants of Jamaica. Within doors the scheme was opposed with little vigour. Pitt was ill in bed at Hayes, and only a few of his friends, as Colonel Barré and Alderman Baker, spoke or voted against it. Nine years afterwards, and in the presence no doubt of many men who had witnessed these discussions, Mr. Burke described them in the following terms: "Far from anything inflammatory, I never heard a more languid debate in this House. No more than two or three gentlemen as I remember spoke against the Act, and that with great reserve and remarkable temper. There was but one division in the whole progress of the Bill, and the minority did not reach to more than thirty-nine or forty. In the House of Lords I do not recollect that there was any debate or division at all." —Ib. p. 129.

The representatives of the American colonies resident in England, appear at first to have entertained no idea of armed resistance, but their constituents were otherwise disposed. The Stamp Act was reprinted with a death's head affixed in lieu of the royal arms, and was publicly sold in New York, under the title of 'The Folly of England and the Ruin of America.' At Boston, which speedily took the lead, the colors of the shipping were hoisted half-mast high, while the church-bells were muffled, and tolled as at a funeral.

'Of all the colonies, the first to stir was Virginia, and of all men in Virginia the first was Patrick Henry. It was mainly through his eloquence and energy that the House of Burgesses of his province was induced to pass a series of resolutions, and a petition to the king denying in strong terms the right of the mother country to tax them without their own consent, and claiming a repeal of the obnoxious statute. Startled at these bold proceedings, the governor of the province dissolved the assembly, but too late; the blow had been already struck, the example already set. The other colonies looked to the remonstrance of Virginia as a noble and inspiring precedent to follow, and in most of their assemblies carried similar resolutions of their own.'—Ib. p. 133.

A striking anecdote is recorded of Patrick Henry, which illustrates his self-command and readiness, at the same time that it shows the loyalty which yet prevailed. Descanting in the House of Burgesses on the tyranny of the Stamp Act, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder—"Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First had his Cromwell—and George the Third—"Treason!" here exclaimed the speaker, "Treason! treason!" re-echoed from every part of the house. Henry did not for an instant falter, but fixing his eye firmly on the speaker, he concluded his sentence thus—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!"

The Regency Bill, which followed the illness of the monarch in 1765, elicited the want of good understanding and cordial cooperation which marked the cabinet. The king was desirous of retaining in his own hands the nomination of the regent, intending apparently to exercise the right in favor of the queen. Mr. Grenville was opposed to this, yet consented to forward the measure. It was accordingly proposed to the parliament, the nomination being limited 'either to the queen, or any other person of the royal family usually resident in Great Britain.' Simple as were these words, and obvious as their import seemed, they gave occasion to differences which materially affected the course of events. A doubt arose as to what was meant by the 'royal family,' when it was found that the Duke of Bedford and the Lord Chancellor differed on the point, the former affirming that it included those only who stood in the order of succession; and the latter, advocating the more natural and common-sense interpretation of the phrase. The definition of the Duke of Bedford, which was zealously supported by Halifax, excluded, of course, the Princess Dowager, and was probably suggested by her tory preferences. The king was clearly misled by false information when he consented to his mother's exclusion, and he never forgave the ministers who had thus abused their position. We are not surprised at this. Indifference in such a matter would have been dishonorable, and the character of George III. was of an order to feel the insult keenly. He therefore consulted his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, and, in his excited mood, forgot the haughtiness of Pitt, and the confederacy of whig lords. He felt the *present* evil as the least tolerable, and was ready to incur any other if he might but be relieved from it. The Duke, who was a whig in politics, and whose broken health, combined with the altered policy of the court, had led him to retire from public life, immediately repaired to Hayes, the residence of Pitt, and summoned Lord Temple from Stowe. It has been a question whether the king acted frankly by Grenville at this time. Lord Mahon adopts the favorable view; but we are not satisfied on the point. Further evidence is needed; and come from whatever quarter it may, we shall be glad to receive it. Writing to a friend on the 18th of May, Edmund Burke, then young in years, and full of the confidence of untried political life, expressed the most sanguine hopes of a strong liberal government being formed. Referring to Pitt, he says,—'You may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he chooses to dictate, with great and honourable terms to himself and every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be

equal to anything but absolute despotism over King and kingdom.'

In the interview between the royal duke and Pitt, the tone of the latter, though lofty, was not intractable. He felt the strength of his position without forgetting what was due to his sovereign and the country. The 'great commoner' was not disinclined to office, but he knew its difficulties; and his requirements, therefore, though not ungenerous, were such as self-respect, and his views of the national interests demanded:—

'He made three principal demands:—Condemnation of general warrants for the future; restoration of officers dismissed on political grounds; alliance with Protestant powers to balance the new family compact between France and Spain. The first article, said the duke, would be accorded; the king himself had named the second; the third would be most subject to difficulty. As to appointments, Pitt was resolved that if he took office the statesman who was at this time the highest in his confidence—Chief Justice Pratt—should become Lord Chancellor; a scheme by no means welcome to the court. On the other hand, the court desired, as before, that the Earl of Northumberland might be placed at the head of the Treasury; and to that proposal, Pitt, as before, demurred. It seems probable that these difficulties might have been overcome, since sooner than fail the duke was willing to offer Pitt almost CARTE BLANCHE. But it was observed that from the moment Lord Temple arrived, and had an opportunity of conversing with Pitt, the embarrassment and reserve of the latter visibly increased.

'Pitt's intention had been to nominate Temple as First Lord of the Treasury; but not only did Temple reject the brilliant prize, he used every exertion to dissuade Pitt also from engaging. To explain this strange phenomenon in a man so ambitious as the Lord of Stowe, it must be mentioned that as it chanced he was then on the point of concluding a reconciliation with his brother George. It was now, it would seem, his wish that the family union might be perfected, and that "the three brothers," as Temple, Grenville, and the husband of their sister were commonly called, might form a ministry of their own, neither leaning upon Lord Bute and the tories, nor yet upon the great whig dukes. It is probable that Pitt was not at all convinced by Temple's reasoning. He must have felt that in rejecting the overtures of the Duke of Cumberland he was foregoing a noble opportunity of good to the public and of glory to himself. But on the other part, he could not be unmindful of the ancient obligations, personal and even pecuniary, which he owed to Temple. Could he in honour begin his new administration by a breach with the only colleague who had adhered to him at the close of the former,—a breach too, founded solely on the reconciliation of that colleague with their common brother, George Grenville? To feelings such as these we may presume Pitt yielded, but yielded with regret. When he took leave of Temple after the decision, he mournfully repeated to him some lines from Virgil, to imply: "Brother, you have ruined us all!"

‘It is remarkable that at nearly the same juncture Grenville in a long discourse announced to the king that politics apart, and so far as private friendship was concerned, he had become reconciled with Lord Temple. The king answered drily, and with a well-timed allusion to Lord Bute: “I do not trouble myself about the friendships of others, and wish nobody would about mine!”’—*Ib.* pp. 156-159.

Other negotiations followed with like result, and the king was at length compelled to announce to Grenville and Bedford that he should retain their service. They felt their vantage-ground, and permitted their resentment to master their discretion. Four fresh demands were preferred, and the king yielded with an ill grace. He felt his humiliation deeply. It was natural he should do so, and his reinstated ministers soon learnt that they had committed a gross political blunder. Sacrificing the real to the apparent, the solidity of power to its trappings, they, in fact, worked out their own ruin, while they seemingly insured a long tenure of office. The wounded feelings of the king ‘were shown by clouded looks to Grenville and Bedford; by smiles and gracious words to their opponents.’ This state of things could not last; and when the Duke of Bedford, in strange forgetfulness of the character of his sovereign, on the 12th of June, reproached him with the favor shown to the opponents of his ministers, and even intimated a doubt of his word having been kept, the royal displeasure knew no bounds. He determined, come what may, to free himself from such uncourtly dictation, and commissioned the Duke of Cumberland to re-open negotiations with Mr. Pitt. The latter had a three hours’ audience with the king. ‘Everything he asked was agreed to, especially a close alliance, if possible, with Prussia, an abolition of general warrants for the future, a repeal of the cyder impost, and a change in the American taxation.’ On these terms, Pitt avowed his readiness to undertake the conduct of affairs, provided Lord Temple would join him. That nobleman, however, again refused, and Pitt, writing to a friend, recorded his disappointment and mortification in these expressive words:—‘All is now over as to me, and by a fatality I did not expect; I mean Lord Temple’s refusing to take his share with me in the undertaking.’

In these circumstances, the Duke of Cumberland turned to the great whig houses, and the result was, the formation of the Rockingham administration. As we shall have an opportunity of referring more fully to the policy of this cabinet, in our notice of the recently-published ‘Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham,’ we will simply record here, that their tenure of office was very brief. They were installed on the 13th of July, 1765, and were superseded by Pitt, created Earl of Chatham, in

the same month of the following year. It is reported, that, on the king informing his ministers of his having sent for Pitt, one of them, General Conway, with a rare candor, replied, 'Sir, I am glad of it; I always thought it the best thing your majesty could do. I wish it may answer; Mr. Pitt is a great man, but as nobody is without faults, he is not unexceptionable.' On this occasion, Pitt, for the third time, applied to Lord Temple, but finding him still intractable, he determined to proceed alone. He probably felt that his own honor was at stake, and that it became him to show the nation he could redeem its embarrassed affairs without the turbulent and ambitious master of Stowe. Such, at least, was the feeling of his friends. 'It does behove him now,' wrote Lord Camden, 'to satisfy the world that his greatness does not hang on so slight a twig as Temple. . . . Let him fling off the Grenvilles, and save the nation without them.'

The peerage of 'the great commoner' has been variously judged. That it was nobly earned cannot be doubted. If ever statesman merited a coronet, it sat fitly on the head of the elder Pitt. His services had been of an infinitely higher order than those rendered by a majority of the Upper House. Indeed, he brought to it more lustre than he could receive, and needed not to temper his high bearing in deference to the symbols of their haughty pedigree. He was, moreover, advanced in years, his health was broken, and he might, therefore, without impeachment of his patriotism, naturally desire the comparative quiet and repose of the peerage. Still, it may be doubted whether its acceptance was not a false step. He was emphatically the man of the people. On their favor he had risen to power. His popularity had constituted his strength, and rendered his name formidable. Foreign statesmen trembled at the thought of his return to office, while the creatures of the court observed no bounds in the expression of their hostility. To the king he was personally offensive. George III. both feared and hated him. Pitt was aware of this, though the conviction unhappily faded from his memory whenever he stood face to face with the monarch. His elevation, therefore, to the Earldom of Chatham, while it apparently confirmed, really undermined his greatness. The name of Pitt had been a talisman, that of Chatham was unknown. The people reposed in the 'Great Commoner' as one of themselves, but regarded with mistrust the wearer of a coronet, conferred by the hand of a tory king. Great rejoicings occurred in London, when the tidings of his premiership were received, but when the news of his peerage came, the projected illumination

was countermanded, and the citizens felt that their last hope was gone. From the extreme of confidence, they passed to the extreme of suspicion. He was Samson still, but it was Samson shorn of his strength. That the king had foreseen much of this can scarcely be doubted, neither would it be uncharitable to suppose that he viewed it with satisfaction. Had Pitt been wise, he would have retired from public life when his health unfitted him for the leadership of the Commons. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how he arrived at an opposite judgment. His position was so unique—so exclusively popular in its basis—so bound up and identified with the all but universal feeling of his countrymen—that we are at a loss to comprehend his not perceiving, at a glance, how he played the part of his enemies when he left the scene of his glory for the more sedate but far less powerful position of an earl. Nor was he without examples to warn him of his danger. The recent case of Pulteney may well have deterred his ambition—if such were his motive,—while the known enmity of the court should have led him to mistrust the smiles and the honors so readily conferred. In becoming the Earl of Chatham, he lost the popularity of William Pitt. Right or wrong, the fact itself is undoubted, and the malady which followed served still further to eclipse his glory. To that malady, we are disposed, in part, to refer the course he now took. Had his intellect been as unclouded as at a former period, he could scarcely have failed to join the Rockinghams. They had done much to conciliate him. Chief Justice Pratt, his confidential friend, was raised to the peerage by the title of Camden; his law agent, Mr. Nuthall, was appointed solicitor to the treasury; and he himself was repeatedly informed that they were willing to receive him, not as an associate, but as a leader. Moreover, his views on all the more important questions accorded with theirs. They had united in condemning the peace, the Stamp Act, the general warrants, and the seizure of papers, and there appeared, therefore, no good reason for their acting apart, much less for their being supplanted by him. Together, they might have defeated the hostility of the court, and the opposition of the tory party; but separated from each other, he wanted their strength, and they wanted the magic of his name. That they did not so unite is matter for regret, and its solution is probably to be found, partly in unbounded self-confidence, inspired by former triumphs, and partly in resentment at the efforts made by leading whigs to impede his early progress. ‘The terrible cornet of horse’ was remembered, it may be, when it would have been far wiser, and more indicative of the highest order of

intellect, to sacrifice all such memories on the altar of his country's good. To err, however, is human, and William Pitt furnished no exception to the rule.

The principle on which Chatham sought to form his administration was the dissolution of all party connexions. He aimed to draw around him the ablest men from all political sections, and had his physical powers remained, he would probably have succeeded. His personal supervision and control, however, were absolutely needful, and these were soon withdrawn by the terrible calamity which made him a burden to himself, and unfitted him for business. He found, moreover, more difficulty in constructing his cabinet than he had anticipated. The Bedfords refused to join, save in a body, and he was ultimately compelled to content himself with little more than his personal adherents, and some members of the late administration. Among the former were Lords Camden and Shelburne; and of the latter, the Duke of Grafton and General Conway. We need not say that the combination failed. When the master-spirit was compelled to retire from the helm, the one principle of cohesion was wanting. Each section of the government looked suspiciously on the other, and though Chatham remained its nominal head, his policy was really abandoned, and other counsels than he would have tendered met the royal ear. In January, 1767, he was a prisoner at Bath, through a severe attack of gout; and when only partially recovered, he set out with a determination to reach London, but had a relapse on the road, which confined him to bed for a fortnight at Marlborough.

‘Evils speedily grew from the absence of the master-mind. The cabinet became divided, and the parliament unruly. A jealousy, never after extinguished, was kindled between Grafton and Shelburne. Charles Townshend began to assume the airs of a great minister in the House of Commons, and almost openly thwarted Beckford as to the East Indian Inquiry. Even the highest colleagues and most trusted friends of Chatham complained that they were not thoroughly apprised of his views and intentions. The Duke of Grafton asked his leave to travel down to his bedside at Marlborough for one hour of conversation,—for one gleam of light. But he was answered in stately phrases that the same illness which hindered Lord Chatham from proceeding on his journey must likewise disable him from entering into any discussions of business.’—*Ib.* p. 267.

The remedies employed to suppress the gout had driven the malady inwards; so that when he returned to London, his nerves were thoroughly shaken, and he shut himself up absolutely from society, and became melancholy and irritable. The Duke of Grafton earnestly solicited an interview, but was refused, and

at length the king himself wrote to him on the imminency of the crisis which had arisen. 'If,' said the monarch, 'you cannot come to me to-morrow, I am ready to call on you.' Thus pressed, Chatham conceded an interview to Grafton, and the latter tells us in his 'Memoirs'—'Though I expected to find Lord Chatham very ill indeed, his situation was different from what I had imagined. His nerves and spirits were affected to a dreadful degree, and the sight of his great mind bowed down and thus weakened by disorder would have filled me with grief and concern, even if I had not long borne a sincere attachment to his person and character. . . . The interview was truly painful.'

In the Autumn of the following year the health of Chatham improved, but he felt unequal to the duties of his position, and having ascertained what had taken place during his seclusion, he determined to resign. His wish to do so had previously been notified to the king, but had been waived in deference to the royal request. Now, however, he resolved to carry out his purpose, and no persuasion could divert him from it. Lord Mahon tells us—

'The resignation of Lord Chatham produced an impression upon his colleagues which cannot but appear to us strangely disproportionate to the part which he had lately taken in their councils. Such ministers as were absent in the country were summoned by express to town. The Duke of Grafton replied to Lord Chatham, entreating him to forego his resolution. The king himself wrote in the same terms. "I think," says his majesty, "that I have a right to insist on your remaining in my service; for I with pleasure look forward to the time of your recovery, when I may have your assistance." But Lord Chatham being resolute, it was necessary to accept his resignation. As a propitiatory compliment to him, the Privy Seal was bestowed upon his personal friend and follower, the Earl of Bristol; while in the room of Shelburne, the Earl of Rochford, lately ambassador at Paris, became Secretary of State.

'Thus in October, 1768, did Lord Chatham retire from the office which he had assumed in July, 1766. Until towards the middle of March, 1767, he had been truly and in effect Prime Minister, since that time he had been—nothing. What was done thenceforward he was so far from directing, that he scarcely knew. He had fallen not as other statesmen sink from office to opposition, or from a larger to a lesser share of influence and power, but he had fallen as a dead body falls, blind, unheeding, unstirred.'—*Ib.* p. 308.

He was succeeded by the Duke of Grafton, of whom large expectations were entertained, which his subsequent career failed to realize. His want of application and of firmness, combined with an addiction to field-sports, and above all, his gross violations of public decency, marred his career, and prevented

his securing the confidence of his countrymen. Lord Camden was his chancellor—a man of far higher mark, whose decisions are still held in profound respect by our legal functionaries, only one of them having been reversed, and that, as Lord Mahon remarks, probably in error.

‘His style in the Court of Chancery was extremely simple and colloquial. It could not vie with Lord Mansfield’s lofty dignity,—his luminous order and skilful array of facts. Dunning, indeed, was wont to say, that a statement by Lord Mansfield was equal to any other man’s argument. But how greatly does Lord Camden shine superior in Constitutional doctrine and zéal for public liberty! When contending with Lord Mansfield for the rights of Juries,—when against that great magistrate again and again advising justice to the Middlesex electors, and conciliation to the North American colonies,—their contemporaries might be divided in opinion, but does at this day any one man doubt to whom the palm should be awarded?’—*Ib.* p. 314.

The Earl of Shelburne and Colonel Barré, both friends of Chatham, joined the ranks of opposition, but a new and more formidable adversary appeared in January, 1769, around whom a mystery was thrown, which the most diligent inquiries have not yet penetrated. The history of our country during the latter half of the eighteenth century cannot be appreciated without a minute examination of the ‘Letters’ of Junius. With a closed vizor, a force rarely equalled, and a skill in the use of his weapons to which no parallel had been witnessed, he entered the arena of political strife, with the proud bearing of a knight whose self-confidence bordered on arrogance. From the more subordinate, he proceeded to challenge the higher officers of the state. One after another, the ministers or their underlings fell before him, until the licence of free speech was indulged to the extent of disloyalty, if not of treason. Our readers are aware of the controversy that has been waged respecting the authorship of these letters. Lord Mahon disposes of the question far too summarily, more especially as he prefaces his narration by observing, ‘A full statement, at least, if not a full solution of it, may justly be required.’ ‘I will not affect,’ he says, ‘to speak with doubt, when no doubt exists in my mind. From the proofs adduced by others, and on a clear conviction of my own, I affirm that the author of “Junius” was no other than Sir Philip Francis.’ This is sufficiently oracular, it must be confessed, nor are there wanting some strong points, as his lordship proceeds to show, in support of his opinion. Still, with all deference, we must submit, that the case is far from proved, and that a more thorough and searching investigation is yet needed to determine between the several parties whose

identity with Junius has been maintained. This, however, is not the place for entering on such a discussion, nor have we at our command the space it requires. It must content us, therefore, to remark, whoever Junius might be, and whatever may be thought of his patriotism and truthfulness, that his 'Letters' seriously damaged the ministry, and exercised an important influence on public affairs.

The Duke of Grafton was succeeded by Lord North, a minister after the king's own heart, whom he loved as fervently as his nature permitted, and trusted until that ill-starred coalition which destroyed at once the court favor of North and the popularity of Fox. Lord Mahon sketches his character too highly, and is guilty, we think, of a serious offence against public morals in glossing over the insincerity of his policy. To use his lordship's own language,—‘He frequently yielded his own deliberate judgment to the persuasion of his sovereign or of his friends.’ In private life, this may be an amiable weakness—but it is *weakness* still. But in public life, it assumes a graver character, and utterly disqualifies for important trusts under a constitutional monarchy. The same element of character would, in the days of the Stuarts, have arrayed Lord North on the side of prerogative as opposed to popular freedom.

The first appearance in parliament of Charles James Fox was as a supporter of the court. He was returned for Midhurst when not quite twenty years of age, and, on Lord North becoming prime minister shortly afterwards, was made one of the lords of the admiralty. This office he resigned in 1772, on occasion of the Royal Marriage Bill, but speedily resumed his connexion with the government by accepting a lordship of the treasury in the following January. In this post, however, he remained for a short time only, and the circumstances out of which his dismissal grew are thus related by our author. It is instructive to note that, while the son of the Earl of Chatham became, *par excellence*, the tory minister of George III., a son of the first Lord Holland, whose political career set all principle at defiance, became the leader of an illustrious band, which, for many years, and under most untoward circumstances, fought the battle of the Constitution against the stolid despotism of the monarch and the iron rule of a cold-hearted and unscrupulous oligarchy.

‘This very period—the month of February, 1774,—proved to be a turning point in Mr. Fox's own career as well as in Dr. Franklin's. His father, Lord Holland, had recently relieved him from embarrassment by paying his debts, contracted mainly through his passion of high play, and amounting (and yet he was not twenty-five) to the enormous sum of

140,000*l.* Free from this burthen, Fox became less patient of any other trammels. At the opening of parliament a few weeks afterwards, though still holding a subordinate office, he showed little regard for the advice or opinion of his chief. On several occasions he appears to have pursued his own independent course. Once, in his zeal against the licentiousness of the press,—in his eagerness, as he declared, “to bring libels of all denominations on the carpet,”—he urged a complaint against the printer of the “Public Advertiser” for having inserted a letter reflecting on the principles of the Revolution. Lord North found it necessary to join him in this vote, though against his wishes, and with a hint to that effect to several of his friends. The king in his secret notes at this juncture expresses much resentment at the presumption of this ill-disciplined Lord of the Treasury. So high did the royal or ministerial indignation rise, that on the 24th of February there was put into Fox’s hands a letter from Lord North, couched in the following laconic terms: “Sir, his majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name.” Certainly it was no common provocation which could call forth such a letter from the most courteous and good-natured of Prime Ministers.’—*Ib.* p. 497.

In the meantime, the American revolution proceeded in a course which English statesmen deemed disastrous. Our troops were frequently defeated, and even when successful, they accomplished little more than the occupation of a few principal towns. Such victories were barren of results, and gave no promise of an early and satisfactory settlement of the dispute. The feelings of the colonists became exasperated yet more and more. The burdens of the struggle fell heavily upon them; their property was ransacked; the licence of the British soldiery frequently added insult to spoliation; and the horrors of Indian war gave a character of ferocity to the contest which awakened the darkest passions, and spread throughout the scene of conflict the worst possible apprehensions. The conciliatory measures which had been proposed failed utterly of effect, partly because they were in obvious contrast to the policy of the Crown, and partly because they had been delayed too long, and were doled out with a niggardly hand. They were received as the result of fear only, and thus strengthened the confidence of the Americans rather than stimulated attachment and gratitude. No man in the empire was more doggedly bent on the subjugation of the colonists than George III., and the only means he was inclined to employ were those of force. That they should successfully resist his arms he deemed impossible; and long after others had yielded to the mortifying conviction, he resolved on maintaining, at any cost, the supremacy of his rule. Chatham had opposed the measures out of which the revolution sprung. He condemned the Stamp Act, avowed his admiration of the demeanor of congress, and pro-

posed, from time to time, the adoption of conciliatory measures with a view to a termination of the contest. His foresight and profound sagacity were strikingly shown in January, 1775, when he moved an address to the king, praying that the British troops might be withdrawn from Boston. On that occasion, he distinctly affirmed the hopelessness of the struggle, and warned both the minister and the nation of what speedily ensued:—

‘When your Lordships,’ said the orator, ‘look at the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow that in all my reading of history,—and it has been my favourite study; I have read Thucydides and have admired the master-states of the world,—no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. All attempts to impose servitude on such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continent, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts; they must be repealed; you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed.—Avoid, then, this humiliating disgraceful necessity. . . . To conclude, my Lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his Crown, but I will affirm that they will make the Crown not worth his wearing; I will not say that the King is betrayed, but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone.’—Vol. vi., p. 33.

His motion, though ably supported by Lords Shelburne and Camden, was lost by a majority of 68 to 18, but Chatham shortly afterwards submitted a bill to the House for the pacification of the troubles of America, which, while it affirmed the paramount authority of the British crown, provided that no taxes should be levied in America without the consent of its citizens. Lord Mahon naturally asks, whether this measure, had it been adopted, would have healed the breach, and cemented the union between England and her colonies? His reply is more strongly affirmative than we are prepared to render. ‘From all the facts and testimonies,’ says his lordship, ‘then or since made public, I answer without hesitation, that it would! The sword was then slumbering in its scabbard. On both sides there were injuries to redress, but not as yet bloodshed to avenge. It was only a quarrel; it was not as yet a war.’ There were no doubt circumstances of great significance favorable to such an issue, but others pointed in an opposite direction, and were ill adapted to stimulate hope. The character of Washington was, in itself, a tower of strength to

his countrymen, but as yet its virtues were not appreciated at Philadelphia. His wisdom, moderation, and firmness were misunderstood by many of those who acted a noisy part in Congress; but the army appreciated his worth, and the more discerning and patriotic of the colonists deemed his command a sure earnest of success. On the other hand, the liberals of England reposed unhesitating trust in his honor, and anticipated, from his conciliatory tone, the reception of measures which, correcting the practical grievances of the States, would leave them yet subject to the British crown. Lord Mahon's estimate of Washington is such as was to be anticipated from his candor. 'Integrity and truth,' he tells us, 'were ever present to his mind. Not a single instance can be found in his whole career when he was impelled by any but an upright motive, or endeavoured to obtain an object by any but worthy means.' This is high praise, but not higher than was deserved, and the generosity with which it is tendered enhances our estimate of the rectitude and truthfulness of the historian.

We must refrain from noticing the subsequent transactions of this period. Our space is completely exhausted, and we will, therefore, merely add, that Lord Mahon's narrative of American affairs, much as we esteem the temper in which it is drawn up, is, in our judgment, unduly extended. It is out of proportion to the other parts of his work, and enters into details which are readily learnt from other sources. We regret this the more, as it swells the bulk and increases the cost of his history, beyond either the time or the means of the majority of readers. In the event of a second edition, we earnestly counsel an abridgment of this portion of his narrative, and in the meantime, recommend his volumes to the confidence and early perusal of our readers.

ART. VII.—*Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.) and the Excommunicated Emperor: a Tale.* By Joseph Sortain, A.B. Third Edition, revised. London: Longman and Co. 1852. pp. 325.

HILDEBRAND stands out among the men of the eleventh century as a colossal spirit, an object of terror to the feeble potentates of the age; of reverence to the servants of the proud supremacy his ambitious policy established; of hatred to the high-minded princes who have been strong enough to resist the encroachments of that supremacy; of admiration to the

idolators of genius, ready to do equal homage to prince, prelate, or demagogue, if he be but clothed with the attributes of intellectual force; and of scorn to the champions of national freedom, the defenders of domestic sanctity, and the lovers of the ancient Catholic faith.

How did it come to pass that this man attained to be the CÆSAR of the Church, and how far has his character been justly estimated by any of the classes we have mentioned? These are questions worthy of attention. They could not be discussed in this place with sufficient fulness; yet, without transgressing our limits, we shall portray this great churchman faithfully, according to the lights of history, not pandering to party prejudices on the one side or the other. Such a portrait we believe will be seasonable and acceptable. We shall not dress him in sunbeams or in rainbows, with the grandeur of an angel or the purity of a saint. We shall not caricature him in the grotesque disguises which bigotry would fashion because of his devotion to a church against which every conviction of our reason and every throb of our heart revolts. Nor should we offend the taste of our readers less egregiously than we should violate our own, were we to paint an imaginary fiend, and affix to this monster of the fancy the name of Hildebrand.

We must glance for a moment at the situation of Europe in the eleventh century. The new kingdoms that arose on the ruins of the Western Empire had been united under the dominion of Charlemagne and his successors. The feudal system, by which lands, and castles, and kingdoms were held on the condition of homage and military service to a *suzerain* or chief, held all Europe in a net-work of complicated dependencies, and cherished that spirit of chivalry which did much for the refinement of nobles, and something for the liberties of the people. Among these feudal sovereignties the Bishop of Rome had obtained a place,—partly through the influence which naturally accrued to him from the transfer of the seat of empire to Constantinople, and partly through the superstition of the rude soldiers who had shared among themselves the spoils of conquest, but mainly through the grateful policy of the founder of the Carlovingian monarchy, who repaid the Pope's sanction of his usurpation with the Greek Exarchate of Ravenna, which he had just torn from the grasp of the Lombards. The gift of the French usurper was consecrated at Rome, by the forged donation of Constantine, in which it was pretended that when the Emperor departed to Byzantium, he invested the Roman Bishop with the temporal sovereignty of Italy and the western provinces. In addition to this political power, the Roman See had gradually undermined the independence of national

churches by encouraging appeals from ecclesiastical courts, and by publishing the Decretals of Isidore, which pretended to establish on the letters of early bishops and edicts of Christian emperors the sole right of the pope to summon councils of the church, and to exercise authority over all her bishops.

It needs not be said that a thick cloud of ignorance veiled the general mind of Europe; that superstition, which, unlike the healthy plants of nature, grows most luxuriantly in the dark, had largely superseded the pure belief and spiritual worship, and free-making spirit of the gospel; and that the muddy waters of immorality, relieved only by cataracts of crime, overspread the sunny regions of the south, while a coarse and almost brutal dissoluteness disgraced the homelier virtues of the Germans. From the tempests of the world, the better men sought retirement in the monasteries that studded the loveliest quietudes of Europe.

We cannot wonder that this social atmosphere should have imparted a peculiar character to the remarkable body of fraternities which in their aggregate men called 'The Church.' The clergy of the eleventh century are depicted by contemporary Catholic writers as not only polluted by the vices common to the times, but as branded especially by two evils peculiar to themselves. One of these was *concubinage*,—living with women who were not their wives. The other was *simony*,—the buying and selling of church livings. Throughout great part of Germany and Lombardy the clergy, including many of the bishops, were avowedly married; but in Italy an illegal connexion was substituted for lawful matrimony. The sale of livings introduced into parishes, and abbacies, and episcopal sees the most unworthy persons,—thus dishonouring religion by giving her apparent sanction, in the most direct manner, to every form of wickedness; but it introduced other evils, political rather than religious, for it threw the most influential positions of the church, carrying with them territorial authority and worldly power, into the hands of wealthy barons and great princes. By such acquisitions, added to the natural ascendancy of chiefs, they intruded on some of the functions which the popes had arrogated to themselves as the supreme magnates of the church. As the lands of the church, like other lands in that age, were held by feudal tenure, it belonged to the Emperor, as feudal head, to invest the holders with authority. The form of this investiture—the giving of a ring and a crozier—made the Emperor appear to be performing a spiritual act. The popes became jealous. A serious ground existed for that grand quarrel between the temporal and the spiritual,—the church and the state,—the popes on one side, and the monarchs of Europe on the other,—which convulsed the nations for centu-

ries, and which, if the auguries of the past have not deceived us in the interpretation of events now passing, must convulse all Europe till the supremacy of Rome is destroyed by the wisdom and conscientiousness of free Christian churches.

Such, then, was the world into which Hildebrand was born,—such were the external influences by which his course was shaped,—such were the elements with which he had to work.

Historians do not agree in their reports of the birthplace of Hildebrand. Somewhat like the case of Homer, the honour has been claimed respectively for Sienna and Saone, both in Tuscany, and for Rome. In either case he was an Italian. The date of his birth is unknown; so is his ancestry. Some describe him as descended from the noble house of the Aldobrandini; by others, apparently with more truth, he is said to have been the son of a humble Tuscan, a carpenter of the name of Bonizo, in Saone. His childhood was spent in the monastery of the Holy Virgin, on the Aventine hill, where his uncle was the abbot. He imbibed the spirit of the institute, studied the policy of the papal court, and observed with sorrow the evils which he afterwards denounced. From the beginning he appears to have embraced the views of Pietro Damiani, Bishop of Ostia, the honest though narrow-minded champion of ecclesiastical reform. During his gradual rise to greatness, he saw not less than three contemporary popes—Benedict the Ninth, Sylvester the Third, and Gregory the Sixth. Benedict had been raised to the papal chair at the age of twelve, through his connexion with the aristocratic family of the Tuscoli at Rome; but the scandals of his life provoked and justified the opposition of the people. At this juncture, Hildebrand came into public notice. He was employed to induce Benedict to *sell* his office to Gratian, a learned arch-presbyter, who had been Hildebrand's teacher when a boy, and who assumed the title of Gregory the Sixth. The reforming party had great hopes from his accession, but the Emperor, Henry the Third, soon forced him to make way for Clement the Second. Gregory was accompanied in his exile by Hildebrand. They joined the Benedictine order of the monks of Clugni, at Maçon, in Burgundy. It had been founded about a hundred and fifty years before, by William, Duke of Aquitaine, and was then at the height of its reputation for religious poverty and industrious virtue. There the deposed bishop was soon worn down by the passions he had brought with him from Rome. At his death, he left to Hildebrand his wealth, his hatred of the Emperor, and his name, which the then future pontiff has immortalized. In that 'garden of delicious roses and lilies,' as Damiani calls it, while professedly separated from the world, Hildebrand was revolving the schemes which occupied his life, and strengthening those

austere habits and indomitable powers which served to bring them to maturity. While thus pondering, he heard of the death of Clement, poisoned by an agent of Benedict, and of Damasus, his successor, from a similar cause. Bruno, Bishop of Toul, whom the Emperor—his relative—had persuaded a diet at Worms to elect as pope, had become acquainted with Hildebrand at the imperial court. On his journey from Saxony to Rome, as Leo the Ninth, he proceeded through France, and rested at the monastery of Clugni. There he consulted Hildebrand, who persuaded him to lay aside his pontifical robes, that he might appear at Rome as a pilgrim, asking the clergy and people of that city to elect him. The abilities and the character of the Italian monk so captivated the German bishop, that he induced him to accompany him to Rome. For five years he enjoyed the solace of his friendship and the advantage of his energy, as sub-deacon of the Roman Church, and head of the church and monastery of San Paolo, and as a frequent legate in promoting the reform of the church. When Leo died, so great was the ascendancy which Hildebrand had gained at Rome, that his judgment was followed, and his diplomatic skill employed in the choice of a successor. The new pope, Victor the Second, sent him to France, where he stoutly upheld the pontifical authority by deposing several bishops accused of various crimes. Victor was succeeded by Stephen the Ninth, who filled the see but a few months, and was followed by Nicholas the Second. Nicholas owed his elevation to the Empress Agnes, widow of Henry III., and mother of the reigning king. But Hildebrand held the wires that moved the puppets in this royal show; for he had become the acknowledged agent of both the clergy and the people in conducting the election. By his influence, the pope sent from the Lateran Council that decree which secured to the seven cardinal bishops at Rome the power of electing the succeeding popes, and took away from the emperors even the right of confirming the election. The same sagacious intellect was at work in grasping the feudal sovereignty of the Two Sicilies which continues to this day. We have not time, in so rapid a sketch, to dwell on the mixed motives so transparent in these politic measures, or to notice others tending to unite the clergy to the pope. Nor can we stay to introduce the partially enlightened precursors of the Reformation by five hundred years, to tell how Arialdo came from the rude villages near the Lake of Como, to thrill the hearts of the Milanese by the preaching of repentance;—how a like spirit stirred up Landolph, a young priest of high birth, at Milan, to call the people by written notices, and by the tinkling of small bells, to his fervid denouncings of the clergy;—how these vehement

preachers were upheld by the countenance and the wealth of Nazario, an officer in the civic government, who sighed for the purification of the church;—how this band of reformers, like the Huguenots, Puritans, Methodists, of nearer times, were mocked with a vulgar nickname, *Patarini*—people's men;—how all Milan was divided by two factions, both absorbed in this one question;—how the contending parties appealed to Nicholas; and how the proud Milanese gave up their boasted independence to the pope. Yet these facts could not be quite passed over, for, on the death of Nicholas, Hildebrand succeeded in obtaining the succession for Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, a Milanese—who had acted with Damiani as the pope's legate in the late synod at Milan—because he was on the same side with himself in the great controversy of the times. Under the title of Alexander II., this pope enjoyed a nominal supremacy for twelve years, which he spent chiefly at his former see, or amid the Campanian hills in the Benedictine convent of Monte Cassino; while the real power was in the hands of Hildebrand, whom he had created archdeacon and chancellor of the Roman Church. By the penetration, sagacity, and force of his great intellect, Hildebrand became the genius of Rome, the pope's master, and the founder of an empire stronger, wider, more portentous, and more lasting than that of the Cæsars.

At length he ascended that throne which he had rendered so august, so terrible, so stable, as GREGORY VII. Apparently in contradiction to his principles, yet *really* to make himself master of the situation, he procured, under forms of outward humility, the sanction of the young King of Germany. Henry IV. both hated Hildebrand and feared him: still, though the German bishops urged him to withhold his consent, it was yielded by the policy of weakness. In the first council held by Gregory, he vigorously addressed himself to the two objects which had engrossed so much of the attention of his predecessors—the enforcement of celibacy on the clergy, and the forbidding of the sale of benefices. It was now decreed that the priestly orders should abstain from marriage, and that such priests as had wives should forthwith put them away, or quit the priestly office. From an early period, a false philosophy had combined with a specious sanctity to exalt the virtues of perpetual celibacy; and in the East especially, where the notion had arisen, the clergy were trained to regard themselves as wedded to the church, their only spouse; though the practice was not enforced by laws. In the West, where the aggrandisement of Roman power had long been the main object of ecclesiastical legislation, the celibacy of priests had been rigidly enjoined; but the laws of nature were stronger than the laws of the church: while

the Italian clergy gave themselves up to licentiousness, the priests of Lombardy and Germany had wives. We leave the reader to imagine the consternation which this sweeping measure of the pope must have spread throughout the German churches. The married bishops and clergy denounced it, justly, as contrary to Scripture, and they manfully resolved to abandon their office rather than their wives, leaving the pope, as they said, 'to rule the churches by angels, since he was not satisfied with men.'

To that icy-hearted priest, however, it was of no account that his edict came like the hot blast of the desert on thousands of loving hearts, on faithful men and confiding women, and on blameless children, in their pure and tranquil homes. The inmost heart-strings of humanity must break before the ambition that claimed the entire subjection of the church to the will of one ruler. True it is that, by this rough-handed violence, human nature was outraged in its very core, and the ordinances of Heaven were set at nought; yet Gregory triumphed over both, establishing that system which, for eight hundred years, has been the mightiest engine of priestly treason against the independence of nations, the rights of kings, the sacredness of religion, and the liberties of men.

Gregory had to fight another battle, not this time with stoled priests, but with armed princes. He aimed at the sovereignty of the world. He sent his ambassadors demanding feudal homage and tribute from every land in Christendom. Sueno, King of Denmark, and Gensa, King of Hungary, submitted. Robert of Sicily, we are told, refused; Philip I., of France, it is said, yielded a partial and reluctant obedience; Bernard of Besalu, King of Arragon, in Spain, rendered the demanded tribute. William the Conqueror, King of England, 'came in,' as Fuller, in his admirable quaintness says, 'with the pope's banner, and under it won the battle which got him the garland, and therefore the pope presumed he might boldly pluck some flowers from it, being partly gained by his countenance and blessing. Indeed,' continues our church historian, 'King William kindly entertained these legates sent from Rome, so to sweeten the rank savour of his coming in by the sword in the nostrils of religious men; pretending what he had gotten by power, he would keep by a pious compliance with his holiness. But especially did he *serve the pope to be served by him*, that so, with more ease and less envy, he might suppress the English clergy. But although this politic prince was courteous in his complimentary address to the See Apostolic, yet withal he was careful of the main chance, to keep the essentials of his crown.' These essentials were—the retaining of the ancient custom of the Saxon kings to invest bishops and abbots, suffering no one

to receive the pope's letters till they had been seen by himself, and allowing no bishop to excommunicate any of his barons or officers without the king's command.

When Gregory sent his legates to demand fealty from this proud and crafty monarch, this was his reply: 'Religious father,—Your legate Hubert, coming to me, hath admonished me on your behalf that I should do fealty to you and to your successors. . . . Do fealty I neither would, nor will; because I never promised it; nor do I find that my predecessors have done it to yours.' 'So bold an asker,' says Fuller, whom we quote once more, 'never met with a bolder denier; England's conqueror would not be the pope's vassal. . . . he had brain enough to deny what the other had brow enough to require.'

Gregory's grand contest, however, was with the young king of the Germans. During Henry's minority the kingdom had been governed by his mother, the Empress Agnes. At the age of twelve he had been carried away from her by powerful conspirators to Cologne. From that time the empress betook herself to Rome. Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, who was niece to the empress, had transferred her rich territories, lying between the Papal States and Lombardy, to the pope, and held them under him as fiefs, while she devoted herself so warmly to his interests that they were suspected—unjustly, it must be admitted, even from the testimony of their enemies—of an alliance equally dishonourable to the pope and to the countess. This remarkable lady, we may here observe, was afterwards married to Guelph, son of the Duke of Bavaria, and the house of Brunswick and the royal family of England are her descendants.

We are told by Lambert, the annalist of those times, that in the third year of Gregory's pontificate, Cenci, prefect of Rome, was put under the ban of the church for deeds of rapine in the papal territories. Maddened by this indignity, he seized the pope in the act of celebrating mass on the festival of Christmas-eve, dragged him from the church, and shut him up in a strong tower. At the dawn of Christmas-day, the house of Cenci was attacked by the citizens of all classes, who rose up in arms. They rescued the pope, and destroyed everything belonging to the prefect on which they could lay their hands. Cenci avenged himself by laying waste, as far as he could, the possessions of the church. On this incident, Leopold Schefer, a German writer, has founded a brief tale of some power and considerable beauty; but deviating, with the licence of romance, from the plain facts of history, and putting constructions not warranted by evidence on the relations between Matilda and the pope. The influence of that lady, as well as of her aunt, the empress, were employed by Gregory for bringing Henry over to his

grand scheme. But in vain. Henry was haughty, self-willed, licentious, and passionately fond of war. He had driven from him the honest Saxons, who formed a league with the Suabians and Thuringians in defence of their common liberties. He had robbed the Duke of Carinthia of his ancestral possessions, and he had trafficked deeply in church offices. For these and other grave offences, he had been cited by Gregory's predecessor before the throne of St. Peter. In the meanwhile, Gregory himself had mounted that throne. Had Henry been strong in the hearts of the German clergy and people, he might have defied the pope. As it was, he deemed it prudent to write to him in the abject strain of a repenting prodigal, confessing his misdeeds, promising amendment, and vowing obedience to his holiness. Notwithstanding these professions, he still carried on war against the Saxons, with various success. After many perilous adventures, he subdued them. But, in his triumph, he increased the severity with which he crushed his vassals. The Saxons sought redress from the pope. The pope threatened the king with excommunication. Though Henry knew the character of the subtle and imperious prelate with whom he had to deal, and though he felt the ground trembling with the throes of a coming earthquake beneath his feet, he insulted the papal legates, and sent them away. He summoned a council of bishops and abbots at Worms, where, accusing Gregory of odious crimes, he deposed him. Gregory was sitting among his bishops in the Lateran church when the royal missive was put into his hands, addressed, 'To the false monk, Hildebrand,' and ending with the audacious words, 'I, Henry, by the grace of God, king, and all our bishops, say unto thee, Go down, go down!' The pope calmly read the king's documents to the enraged bishops. On the following day, he solemnly pronounced the sentence of excommunication on Henry, depriving him of his kingly state, and uttering against him the terrible ban of the church. The bishops and other counsellors of Henry were in like manner anathematized, and letters were sent to the princes of the German States, absolving them from their oaths of allegiance, and authorizing them to choose another king.

The sword was now drawn by both parties. Men's hearts were sorely tried. The diadem of empire and the heir of a hundred warrior-kings, on one side: the tiara and the acknowledged representative of Christ on the other. Determined not to bow his regal and German spirit to an Italian priest, Henry looked around for help. The German princes faltered. Popular insurrections were breaking out. Bishops hastened to Rome, suing for pardon. The confederation, embracing nearly all the princes of the empire, met at Tribur, on the Rhine, headed by the pope's legates, and for seven days discussed the king's

affairs. Their conclusion was, that a Diet should be holden in the ensuing spring at Augsburg; that the pope should be invited to be present; that Henry should repair to Rome, and procure release from the papal ban, or lose his kingdom within a year; that he should at once dismiss his army, and live privately at Spire. To all this Henry quietly submitted. After the lapse of two months, he resolved to perform a pilgrimage to Italy, and humble himself before the pope. Accompanied by his queen, Bertha, the daughter of the Margrave Otto, and their infant son, with a few menials, he crossed the Alps, in the depth of a winter unusually hard. Let the reader picture to himself the perils and horrors of such a passage. In Lombardy, he was welcomed by the clergy, who hated the pope for his harsh decrees against their order, and by the people, who groaned under the oppression of their masters. The pope had already set out on his journey towards Augsburg. When he reached Vercelli, tidings were brought to him that the king was approaching at the head of a great army. The Countess Matilda persuaded Gregory to shelter himself in her strong fortress of Canossa, near Reggio, on the northern slope of the Apennines. Along that dreary mountain-path, where the torrents were frozen by the keen breath of January, the proud King of Germany walked barefoot, in the coarse white garb of penance, followed by a small train of friends. It was only at the entreaty of the lady of that castle, that the vindictive priest consented that the king—*her cousin*—should come into his presence. Three walls surrounded the fortress. For three days Henry stood, with naked feet in the cold, and hungry, within the second wall, while his attendants were kept outside the gate. On the fourth day Gregory appeared; he pronounced Henry free from the ban; but these were the terms:—You shall swear allegiance to the apostolic see; you shall not avenge yourself for your present degradation; you shall lay aside your royalty till I adjudge your cause in the assembly of the princes; you shall acquiesce in the absolution of your subjects from their oaths of allegiance to you. To these terms Henry swore his assent.

Now, in all this, Gregory acted wisely for that supremacy which he was asserting, which none of his successors have renounced, nor will renounce, till their power is blasted to its very root by the enlightened unanimity of independent nations. Yet, for his personal safety and honour, he pushed this arrogance too far. The spring of Henry's soul was bent, indeed, well nigh to breaking; but it did *not* break, and tremendous was the recoil! The bitterest enemies of the king, and the most fawning flatterers of Gregory, shuddered with dismay at the pope's audacity, even while they murmured their irrepres-

sible contempt for the craven spirit of the king. Scarcely seven times had the winter's sun gilded those snow-capped hills with his pale splendours, when Henry broke the oath extorted from him in his misery. A band of Lombard warriors rallied round him; but in Germany the pope had the ascendant: Rudolph, Duke of Suabia, was chosen emperor, and crowned by legates from Rome. Three years of incessant war between Henry and Rudolph wasted the fertile lands and the brave princes and inhabitants of Saxony. In the very hour of victory, on the banks of the Elster, Rudolph fell by the hands of Godfrey of Bouillon, the renowned hero of the crusades.

Henry failed to recover his lost power in Saxony. He forced a march through Lombardy, and for three years carried on the siege of Rome. Those were melancholy years for Gregory, forsaken by all Europe; yet he endured them with a constancy worthy of a martyr. In his last year, while Rome was besieged, and the Campagna a frightful desert—when his bishops had abandoned him—when Henry had placed Guibert, bishop of Ravenna, on the papal chair, as Clement the Third—when Clement had set the imperial diadem on Henry's head—the aged pontiff sat silent in his castle of St. Angelo, when, suddenly an army of six thousand horse, and twenty thousand foot, mingling the pennons of the crescent with the banners of the cross, led by Robert Guiscard, son of Tancred of Hauteville, drove Henry—the victor in more than three-score battles—from the Roman capitol to the plains of Lombardy. The Normans and Saracens set fire to the palaces and temples of the Eternal City. All the way from the Lateran to the Coliseum was bared by the flames to a dismal solitude, which has reigned there ever since! Thousands of citizens were made slaves, or put to death; the sanctuary of convents was brutally invaded; more than the half of Rome became a heap of ruins. From the Lateran palace Gregory looked his last on this scene of desolation, fled from the people whom he dared not trust to the monastery of Monte Casino, and found his final resting-place within the castle of Salerno. There his hard constitution was invaded by a languor which laid him low. He lingered for many months. The extreme sacrament of the church had been administered by the attendant bishops when he said to them—*'Dearest brethren, I make no account of my labours, trusting on this only, that I have ever loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile:'*—then, stretching his hands toward heaven, and saying—*'Thither let me ascend, that by earnest prayers I may commit you to a propitious God,'*—he died.

Such was the life of Hildebrand; and thus it ended.

Men will judge for themselves of this man's character. But, let the reader take with him these two considerations: *first, the*

principles of 'the church' in relation to the developments of the age; and then, the spirit of the Christian religion. If we keep the first in view, we shall remember that the principles of Hildebrand were inherited from the times that had gone before him; that they had been nurtured by the conventual discipline of his early days; that they were revered by all around him as the life of the church, and as the revelations of God;—that for centuries they had been gathering strength; that Hildebrand witnessed the most crying immoralities among the clergy, while his own character was formed after the severest models of monastic stoicism;—that the abuses of secular patronage were rotting the foundations of the church, and covering religion with contempt; and that the time seemed to have come for some master-spirit to put down these evils with a strong hand. Hildebrand felt the swellings of a daring genius. He was conscious of his power. He knew himself to be **THE MAN OF THE AGE**. With that eye which might have quelled an eagle, which no human glory could dazzle, whose piercing look no mortal cared to brave—with a heart of granite and an arm of steel, he seized the sceptre of universal sovereignty, and dreamed a dream loftier than the visions of poetry, and bolder than the conquests of ambition. Seeing how the church was weakened by the vices of the clergy, and enthralled by the cupidity of princes, and believing that the popes, as the successors of Saint Peter, were called to restore her to purity and freedom, that she might become the bridal queen of the prince of the kings of the earth, and the mother of truth, and peace, and righteousness to all the nations,—it is not wonderful that he should sacrifice the vulgar charities of life to the accomplishment of a design so vast and sacred. Where is the man whose heart has sickened at the evils of the world, that has not dreamed his dream of a golden future? The philosopher, as well as the saint, has whispered to his soul of the coming of a grand brotherhood as the ripe fruit of the mysterious winter and spring tide, and summer season of old time.

Nor were the means by which Hildebrand sought this happy consummation so alien from the religion of his age as they are from ours. He saw them, from his own centre-point, in the light by which he lived. He was the personal embodiment of a system—the living organ of the reforming spirit in the church—the energetic exponent of a never dying principle—the undaunted champion of the rights of heaven against the powers of earth. Whatever the faults of his character, in our eyes, none but a man having such faults would have grappled with 'the iron age,' as he expressed it, in which his lot was cast; and, however great, according to our estimate, the errors of his creed, to those errors mainly we ascribe his power to turn the superstitions of men against their oppressors. The strength of the

papacy rested—it still rests, does it not?—in the unreasoning superstition of its subjects. In their sight, the bishop of Rome was the representative of God among men, with the keys of eternity hanging at his girdle, and a long hierarchy clothed with mystic terrors in his train. They saw in the flint heartedness of Hildebrand the mastery of the spirit over the flesh; in his ambition, fealty to his only Lord; in his arrogance, the majesty of an apostle; in his vindictiveness, the grandeur of authority; in his austerities, the virtues of a saint; in his energy, the awful power of God! To sway such a people to his purposes no means were at hand, none were likely to occur to him, but those which he used, and used so mightily. To purge the clergy from their vices, the discipline must be caustic. To unite them in a compact body, they *must* have no ties of family or home. To keep them in subordination, they must yield unquestioning obedience to the apostolic see. To ensure to that see the independence by which alone she could fulfil the mission which he said she had received from Heaven, her surest guard, her strongest shield, was supremacy over all the authorities of the world. The whole scheme was consistent with itself, and it was worthy of the leader of Europe in the eleventh century. If Hildebrand, in his far-reaching calculations, knew not the designs of omniscient providence; if he did not foresee the conquests which knowledge was to gain for freedom, and freedom for religion, and religion for humanity, in the centuries that followed his dismissal from the scene; if his views were bounded by the horizon of his epoch, shaped according to the fashion of his creed, and vitalized with no higher life than his own will; if, in the elevation of his greatness, he thought himself greater than he was, and became so giddy with success as to imagine that the impulses of human nature and the issues of futurity were at his command;—all this goes to prove that his foundation was in the dust, that he was man, and not God. Yet these limitations and deductions hinder not our judgment, that he fills a place among the highest of those great men whose empire is the human mind, and who have played a brilliant part in accomplishing the inscrutable purposes of God. But for him, the course of civilization might have been checked for longer time than we can guess by the barbaric force of armed oppressors, trampling with heavy heel the seeds of knowledge and the sparks of freedom more deeply into the hardened clods or smouldering ashes. He is the connecting link of history between the driving back of the Saracens by Charles Martel from these western shores, and the return of learning and religion to their ancient haunts in Italy, to prepare Germany and England for their magnificent reformers in the sixteenth century. Though he was driven from his seathed and weeping city by

the wrathful monarch whom he had humbled too proudly to be forgiven, it was his glory to weld into one chain the lengthening links that bound the monarchies of Europe to the throne which he bequeathed to his successors.

We are, finally, to judge of Hildebrand by another standard—the *spirit of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION*. He professed to be a Christian,—the chief of Christians. How did he exemplify the spirit of Jesus Christ? Well for us is it that we know the voice of the Good Shepherd. We have been familiar from our infancy with the accents of love and meekness and humility. Did he not say ‘whom God hath joined let no man put asunder?’ Did he not rebuke, with majestic sorrow, the rising of ambition in the hearts of his disciples? Did he not pronounce his sweet, sublime beatitudes on the poor in spirit, the meek, the sufferers for his name? Did he not breathe from his dying lips the prayer of his heart for those who murdered him? Is it not the law of his religion that its learners shall call no man ‘master’ upon earth, and that its teachers shall suppress as deadly evils the desire to lord it over others? Ah, Hildebrand! it was easy to be pious according to monastic standards, to be canonized as a saint among misjudging men, to cloak the purposes of a fiery ambition in the robes of friendly zeal, and to break the greatest commandments of the law with palms stretched forth in benediction, and eyes raised up to heaven,—and yet to be a stranger to that spirit which melts the soul of man in true repentance, moulds it into newness of life, and helps it, on the threshold of eternity, to leave the flesh in the sure hope of safety and gladness through believing on the Son of God! How did it come to pass that *you*, a man of strong intellect, learned, acquainted with the scriptures, and zealous for religion, should have erred so fatally, and so recklessly or ignorantly have misguided so many millions of your fellow sinners from the way of life; that *you*, so deeply read in human nature, should not have honoured the distinction between wedded wives and harlots; that *you*, the monarch of the church, when she was agitated by the half-enlightened and timorous Berengarius against the absurd figment of transubstantiation, should have clung to that delusion because it raised your priesthood among an ignorant laity almost into the place of God; how came it to pass that *you*, who knew so well the proper use of language, as the sign of man’s thoughts and feelings, should have compelled all the churches of the world to do worship in a tongue which, to the multitude, was utterly without a meaning; that *you*, the servant of the merciful Jesus, would look unmoved at the torture of your victims, and, on your path to victory, profane the holy words of scripture, and break ten thousand bleeding hearts?

We cannot close this portraiture without saying, in the plainest words, and in the most serious spirit, we dare not think that Hildebrand, notwithstanding his dying boast, either lived or died A CHRISTIAN. Our imagination has almost fainted in contemplating his genius, his austerities, his gorgeous plans, his overwhelming energy. But alas! he mistook the traditions of men for the gospel. In his eyes the crucifix eclipsed the cross. To him the church was, what Christ alone has right to be—ALL IN ALL. Standing, as it were, by the cold corpse of this great man, on this side the curtain that hides from us the homes of everlasting retribution, our tongue refuses to exclaim, Let me die the death of Hildebrand, and may my spirit be with his!

From this sketch of the history and character of Hildebrand, our readers will be prepared to judge of the attractiveness of his name as the foundation of Mr. Sortain's 'Tale.' The legitimacy of such 'Tales,' as avowed fictions based on historical facts, and intermingled with known public events, has been established, we think, by the popularity of the Waverley novels. The large use made of this department of literature by the abettors of Tractarianism is well known. We are quite alive to the dangers incident to authorship of this kind. If a writer nourish too strongly the fondness of young minds for the excitement of imaginary scenes—if he minister in any degree to passions which need all the power of virtue and religion to control and guide them—if he pervert the facts or misrepresent the characters of history—if he make his graphic or dramatic power subserve the interests of error or the predominance of party spirit—if he infuse into his composition a tone of frivolity, immorality, or impiety—if he loosen the principles of a healthy, domestic, social, political, or religious life—then, for these reasons, let him bear the full weight of moral censure; but if the qualities of his production be free from these vices, and rich in whatever tends to inform and improve, while he fascinates and regales his readers, we know of no canon of criticism by which we should be warranted to condemn him.

Mr. Sortain's book is one greatly to be admired in all these respects. It labours, indeed, under some disadvantages of a purely literary kind, as will be apparent to readers familiar with the masters of historical romance; but on these we have not space to dwell. In opposition to some judgments passed upon it by those who would palliate the great faults of Gregory VII.'s pontificate, we must do the writer the justice to say that he has *not* misrepresented the man, or his times; and that he has fortified his representation by references in the 'notes' to high 'catholic' authorities. The general style of the tale may be

judged of from the only extract for which we can find room:—

“Weep not so bitterly, mine own Elgitha, or thou wilt unman me!” said the ecclesiastic, endeavouring gently to raise the exhausted form of his wife, as he pressed her to his heart, and cried aloud, “Weep not, Elgitha! Oh, weep not so!”

“Not weep, Ranulph?” she exclaimed; “Not weep? If this cruel edict be enforced upon us, what have I but to weep for the rest of my wretched days? May they be few, great God of pity!”

“Nay, nay, Elgitha,” returned the earnestly affectionate, and evidently ingenuous priest; “weep not, despair not thus! Even now the Holy Father may relent.”

“He relent!” said Elgitha; “he relent! Thou mayst as well hope for the tigress to relent over her prey, whilst the cries of her starving cubs are in her ears. Relent! he! I know him well,” she added, drawing up her slight figure; “I know him to be a man relentless for one great purpose. What careth he if the wheels of the chariot of his universal throne should crush thine heart, Ranulph, and mine also, and our children’s, and the hearts of myriads upon myriads? I know him. What careth he, though all the great dynasties of the world be overset, if the Papal power but flourish?”

“Hush, hush, Elgitha, my own love! Speak not so of Christ’s vicar. Nay more, these very walls have ears; were these words heard, what would be thy fate—what mine?”

“What *thine*!” and Elgitha mused for a moment. “What *thine*!” continued she, in increased fervency of manner and of words. “Have I forgotten that? I will be dumb.”

“Nay, nay, Elgitha. Thy words I would not stay. But oh, I pray thee, be reverent about our Holy Father.”

“Reverent—that is to say obedient—to our Holy Father! That I will not—that I cannot be!” she passionately answered. “Is this the Vicar of the Christ who was “meek and lowly of heart?” Is this the Vicar of the Christ who bound up broken hearts? Is this the Vicar of the Christ whose “yoke was easy and whose burden was light;” and who can now, and by Christ’s authority, tear thee thus summarily from thy babes—from me; can cover them with dishonour as bastards, and myself with shame as an unholy concubine? Ranulph! Ranulph! be a man and answer me.”

As Elgitha uttered these last words she fainted. Her poor weak frame had become powerless from the action of the fire within her.

Ranulph summoned her attendants; but, though each and all eagerly ministered to her weakness, there was no one so earnest in effort, so tender, so anxiously hopeful as himself.

Elgitha, upon her recovery, and when no others besides her husband were within hearing, murmured, “Ranulph, beloved Ranulph! tell me, wilt thou, at the bidding of the hard-hearted Pontiff, abandon thine own Elgitha, stamp her with burning shame upon her brow, as if she were a common wanton instead of being thy true and lawful wife? Shall thy boys be ——?”

'With almost unnatural strength she rushed away from the chamber, and, opening an opposite door, walked up to the cradle of her youngest boy—a babe of but three months old—and tearing it from its little couch, together with an elder child, whom she seized by the arm with a convulsiveness that pained herself as the mother more than it pained the boy, returned to the room where her husband was sitting, still lost in painful deliberation. She approached him, and softly placing the sleeping babe in his arms, and making the elder one kneel down before his father, she said, "Let these babes plead for themselves—for me!"'—pp. 2—4.

Brief Notices.

Biblical Antiquities, with some Collateral Subjects, illustrating the Language, Geography, and Early History of Palestine. By F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., With Maps and numerous Engravings. London: Griffin and Co. 1852.

THIS volume is a portion of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' and forms the twentieth of the new series. It presents considerable attraction to the literary student, and to the devotional reader of the Bible. It contains a plan of Jerusalem and a map of Palestine in the time of Christ, both remarkably distinct and well colored, together with some hundred and eighty illustrative engravings. The best sources of information have been consulted, and used with much skill, and the materials are well condensed without losing the freshness of an original work. The volume is exact, comprehensive, and interesting, one which it must be a great satisfaction to the writer to have produced, which the critic must commend as the fruit of much diligent labour, guided by good taste and judgment, and which every intelligent reader of the Bible will, we are persuaded, thank us for introducing to his notice. It is the most complete and elegant manual of Biblical antiquities with which we are acquainted. We hope it will be widely circulated, and well used as a habitual companion to the Scriptures. We entirely agree with the author when he says, 'The interest which has been of late years awakened in the various topics of Biblical criticism and Biblical antiquities cannot but be deemed a cheering sign of the times. It shows that literary anxiety is taking a right direction; that the Bible is gaining its proper position in the public mind, and that it is felt powerfully and more extensively than heretofore; that all human knowledge is, and ever ought to be regarded as subsidiary to divine revelation.'

Sermons. By Daniel Katterns. 8vo. London: John Snow. 1852.

THIS volume of sermons is unaccompanied by any preface. The writer is known and esteemed as an acceptable preacher in one of our suburban nonconformist churches, and we presume that he has here committed to the press a selection from his ordinary public instructions. The sermons are varied in their topics, and miscellaneous, uniformly clear, simple, devotional, and faithful. The doctrines they unfold are eminently scriptural, and applied, in an interesting and affectionate manner, to the practical outworking of the spiritual life. We greatly admire the author's avoidance

of ambitious straining after effect. The thoughts are natural, yet not commonplace. The language is never mean, though always plain. There is often much lucid exposition, without the parade of learning. Occasionally there is considerable power in dealing with difficult questions, which is manifest, not in effort, but in success. The wide range of topics will appear from the following list:—Providence; Temptation; Secret Prayer; Jacob wrestling with God; The Sacrifice of Isaac; Christian Contentment; A Good Conscience; Mary, an Example of Meditation; Christ the True Melchizedek; Man Self-Destroyed, but not Self-Saved; The Pillar of Salt; A Meditation at the Cross; The Unbelief of Thomas; The Hopes and Aspirations of the New Creature; The King of Kings; Peter Forewarned; Adoption; The Value of the Soul; The Holy Spirit; The Life and Character of Hezekiah; Paul before Agrippa; The Life, Character, and Death of David. There are numerous heads of families, as well as others, to whom a volume of good practical sermons is always acceptable; we can assure them they will find in Mr. Katterns a valuable helper.

The Triple Crown; or, the Power, Course, and Doom of the Papacy. By William Howick, D.D. Dublin: Robertson. 1852.

THE Lectures published in this volume were delivered before the late Papal Aggression, and they have been leisurely prepared for the press. With much originality and force, the writer presents 'The Papacy' under seven aspects:—Its Prerogative—Credentials—Origin—Establishment—Ascendancy—Decline—Fall. There is in this volume no rabid abuse of Roman Catholics, though it breathes, as it ought, the tone of out-spoken frankness. The historical compendium is well sustained by references to authentic documents. We suppose there may be differences of opinion on the prophetic interpretations. Our own judgment coincides with Dr. Howick's. We specially approve of the grounds he offers for anticipating the downfall of the terrible power which he has undertaken to describe. We commend his labours most sincerely to our readers, assured that they will gather from these pages much information, which but few have time to explore in the numerous works in which it lies scattered. It is a good book for the busy, the fair-minded, and the earnest men of our day.

The Pictorial Family Bible. With Copious Original Notes, by J. Kitto, D.D. Parts XVI. and XVII. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

WE are glad to report the steady progress of this reprint, which goes far to supply the want of a numerous class. Of the work itself we need not speak. Its extensive circulation and well-earned repute supersede the necessity of criticism, and the reduced price at which this edition is issued cannot fail very largely to increase the numbers of its readers. Theological students, and others who are concerned, to possess themselves of the latest and fullest results of inquiry, will, of course, prefer the 'Pictorial Bible,' but the general reader will find all which he needs in this cheaper and less scientific edition. The *Parts* before us bring down the work to the beginning of the book of Proverbs, and are published, like their predecessors, at the low price of One Shilling each.

Review of the Month.

PARLIAMENT WAS OPENED ON THE 3RD BY THE QUEEN IN PERSON, and no words can exaggerate the heartiness with which Her Majesty was greeted on her passage to Westminster. That the sovereign should awaken, or the people be susceptible of, the loyalty now cherished by all classes of our countrymen, is amongst the most pleasing and hopeful signs of the day. Never does the queen appear so royal as when surrounded by her faithful and loving commons, and never do the latter so fully vindicate their right to the liberties they hold as when evidencing attachment to the crown, in union with devoted loyalty to constitutional freedom. The scene is specially gratifying just now, when other sovereigns are becoming despots, and the friends of popular liberty the advocates of republicanism. To the royal speech we need not refer in detail. Like all its predecessors it was designedly obscure, and we must refer therefore to the ministerial measures themselves for the light we seek. Those measures are in part before the country, and we had intended to remark on them at large, but are spared the necessity of doing so by the resignation of the Russell cabinet. We must note, however, the explanation given of the dismissal of Lord Palmerston, as the facts elicited may bear on the future policy of our government. The narrative is not, in our judgment, creditable to either party. One thing, however, is quite evident; Lord Palmerston did express, to the French ambassador, his approval of the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December. This approval was notified by the French minister to our ambassador at Paris, who reported it to Lord Palmerston on the 6th, and the report was not contradicted. Lord Palmerston alleges that the report was *highly coloured*, and on being subsequently requested by his chief to explain, and to show the harmony of such an opinion with the decision of the cabinet, to do nothing 'which could wear the appearance of an interference of any kind in the internal affairs of France,' he replied—(we quote his own version as reported in 'The Times' of the 4th)—'My answer was, that the words quoted by Lord Normanby gave a high colouring to anything I could have said in the conversation with the French ambassador, but that my opinion was, and that opinion, no doubt, I expressed, that such was the antagonism arising from time to time between the French assembly and the president, that their long co-existence became impossible, and that it was my opinion that if one or other were to prevail, it would be better for France, and, through the interests of France, better for the interests of Europe, that the president should prevail than the assembly, and my reason was, that the assembly had nothing to offer for the substitution of the president, unless an alternative ending obviously in civil war or anarchy; whereas the president, on the other hand, had to offer unity of purpose and unity of authority, and that if he were inclined to do so, he might give to France internal tranquillity with good and permanent government.' Such an opinion—

adhered to, be it remembered, some weeks afterwards—is fatal to Lord Palmerston's reputation as a British statesman, and rendered his continuance in a professedly liberal ministry simply impossible. We regret to pen these words; but truth leaves us no alternative. We have never been amongst his lordship's assailants. Regretting many of his acts, we yet clung to the hope that his attachment to constitutional freedom was above suspicion; that his influence would never knowingly be given to despotism;—much less that the honor of our country would be dragged through the mire in subserviency to a perfidious and sanguinary tyrant, who violates oaths without compunction, and butchers without pity the people he had undertaken to protect. Such, however, has been the case, and we must not, therefore, hesitate to say that, whatever other qualities Lord Palmerston possesses, he has no genuine attachment to constitutional freedom, and is unworthy of the confidence of his countrymen.

So much is clear on the face of the transaction, and no special pleading can alter the case. His Lordship is lost to the liberal party, and the more promptly and clearly this is recognised the better. Next to having such a man on our side, it is well to know the hollowness of his liberalism. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and times are coming when the truth and value of this proverb will be seen. We wish we could stop here; but we must not. Truth compels us to add, that the language used by Lord John in the course of his explanation is almost as objectionable as that imputed to Lord Palmerston; that we see little difference between the one and the other—nay, that the circumstances under which the former spoke give a grave and official significance to his words, which were wanting in the case of the latter. That we may not be suspected of misrepresenting his lordship we give the report of 'The Times':—'I am bound to say,' remarked the premier, 'that the president of France, having all the means of information he has had, no doubt has taken that course from a consideration of the state of France, and that the course he has taken is best fitted to insure the welfare of the country over which he rules. Let me state that over again, that while I do not concur in the approbation of my noble friend, I have no reason to doubt, and everything I have heard confirms that opinion, that in the opinion of the president the putting an end to the constitution, the anticipating the election of 1852, and the abolition of the parliamentary constitution, were all tending to the happiness and essential to the welfare of France.' We are aware of the extent to which diplomatic courtesy is carried in such cases, and are therefore prepared to make allowance for the position of the speaker; but that a whig premier, in justifying the dismissal of a colleague for having expressed approval of the usurpation of Louis Napoleon, should have uttered words like these, is one of the most mortifying humiliations which modern politics have exhibited. Either these words mean something or they do not. Either they are to be taken in their obvious import, or they bear an occult meaning unknown to the vulgar. In the former case, they establish against Lord John much the same charge as lies against Lord Palmerston. In the latter, they are part of a hollow system which an honest man should spurn, and an English liberal especially should be incapable of stooping to. We are much inclined to adopt the interpretation of Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, who, writing to his con-

stituents, says—‘It is my belief he (Lord John) was not understood. My individual persuasion is, that he meant to lay down a rule, that, though the members of a government may each of them in the tribunal of their inward man be persuaded of the wickedness of the acts of a foreign autocrat, yet so long as the autocrat is an autocrat, and all the powers of a nation are prostrate at his feet, it is the duty of that government *in a certain Pickwickian sense* to admit that the design of the autocrat may have been to do everything for the best. This is a claim never extended to Jonathan Wild when he was uppermost; but there is no knowing what may be come to. But what the newspapers appear to have missed, is the *Pickwickian sense*. The premier did not say that either he or any of the government individually approved of the acts of the president, but that they collectively tendered him their approbation in a certain hypothetical and conventional sense, of which the term *Pickwickian* is the only expression familiar to the apprehension of Englishmen.’

As between the two ministers, the question does not seem to us to admit of doubt. The premier was clearly right in requiring that his subordinate should conform to the settled policy of the cabinet. To have done otherwise would be to stultify himself, and to permit the sanction of his government to be given to measures respecting which a neutral position had been resolved on. But as it respects the country, their lordships are alike wrong. When weighed in the balance, they are both found wanting; not equally so, it may be, but each to such an extent as seriously damages his political reputation. The use made by Lord John of the memorandum of August, 1850, appears to us to have been as impolitic as it was ungenerous. After his defence of Lord Palmerston’s Greek policy—a defence strong, vehement, and personal—it is astounding to find, on the showing of the premier himself, that he then condemned that policy—for to this it amounts—and speedily adopted measures to prevent its continuance. It is marvellous that regard to his own reputation did not lead him to suppress this document. But its production was ungenerous in the last degree. Lord Palmerston, we have reason to believe, was astonished at the use made of it, and could not vindicate himself without violating his honor, if not his oath. Had the premier deemed the production of this memorandum needful, he ought to have given notice to his late colleague, so that Her Majesty’s permission might have been obtained for such further revelations as Lord Palmerston thought necessary to his defence. We have heard from some who were in the House, that the latter nobleman spoke under evident restraint, conveying the impression of a man who was prevented from adducing on his own behalf the clearest and fullest evidence of which the case admitted. If such were the case—and we have reason to think it was so—then Lord Palmerston suffered a grievous wrong, which ought not to have been inflicted. But there is evidently much yet untold. It may be that the changes which are imminent will bring further revelations. However this may be, one thing is quite clear. The noble lords have long been estranged, and the premier was probably glad of an opportunity to rid himself of a colleague, whose long official life, incessant application to business, parliamentary popularity, and acknowledged talents, rendered him somewhat insubordinate and formidable.

ON ONE SUBJECT THERE WAS A SINGULAR, AND AS WE DEEM IT, UNHAPPY AND MOST DISCREDITABLE UNANIMITY among whig and conservative statesmen. The same fact was visible in both Houses, though the accustomed impetuosity of Earl Derby, led him to speak with more explicitness and force of denunciation than his associates in the Lower House. We thank him for having done so. On this point, at least, there can be no mistake. Whatever mystification may be attempted in other matters, it is clear, to a demonstration, that his lordship would have the press of England silent on the perfidy, rapine, and murder, chargeable on the present ruler of France. Such was the temper of his speech on the Address, and his lordship was cheered from all parts of the House. Unhappily for the whig ministry, now defunct, Earl Grey repeated the sentiment of the protectionist leader, affirming with an ignorance of public feeling, characteristic of the 'family clique,' that, however the 'newspapers might express the opinions and feelings of those who write in them, *they did not express the opinions or feelings of any great or powerful party in this country, or in the House of Parliament.*' Earl Grey judged of the nation by his clique, but had he been other than he is, he would have looked abroad, and in doing so, would have seen that his rule and his decision were alike incorrect and delusive. Lord Brougham could not, of course, suffer the opportunity to pass without saying something, and what he did say, like most things he now utters, wore the appearance of a real, though unavowed, recantation of his former views. To the Earl of Harrowby—a tory peer—belonged the proud distinction of affirming 'that the declaration made that night, that neither their lordships nor their fellow-countrymen generally ought to express any opinion respecting the conduct of the French president, would find no sympathy with the people of England. It appeared to him that noble lords on both sides of the house had gone too far in what they had said on this point. It was his firm belief that the press, although it might occasionally be too strongly tinctured with personal abuse, did, nevertheless, accurately and faithfully represent the public opinion of this country in regard to the recent proceedings in France.' Lords Russell and Palmerston re-echoed in the Commons the sentiments of Earls Derby and Grey, and we greatly deplore that some member did not rise to rebuke their lordships in the name and on the behalf of the British people. Whatever our *rulers* may be, however feeble, irresolute, or half-hearted, the *nation* has responded with intense earnestness to the denunciations passed by our newspaper press on the atrocity of Louis Napoleon. We do not often agree with 'The Times,' but its masterly exposure of his perfidy, the lofty tone of its rebukes, the proud disdain with which it spurns his professions, its withering scorn, its prophetic warnings, the condensed and terrible force of its blows, redeem many of its faults, and lead us, for the hour, to rejoice in its vast circulation. One thing is apparent from the whole. Between our rulers and the nation there is a wide gulf. What the one tolerates the other abhors; what the former condemns the latter applauds. This is a fearful state of things. When will it cease?

WE NEED SAY LITTLE RESPECTING THE REFORM BILL INTRODUCED BY LORD RUSSELL. It is now matter of history, and we may pass it over with brief reference. Had his lordship remained in office, we should

have examined the provisions of his measure in detail. But this is now needless, and we will therefore simply remark that as a whole the bill was a failure, whether viewed as a reform, or as a party measure. It was cut down to the lowest point compatible with his lordship's pledge, and was wanting in provisions which the public deemed essential. Our own conviction that nothing would avail without the ballot was expressed in a former number, and has been strengthened by the evidence taken before the St. Albans commissioners. This omission in itself, and apart from all other circumstances, was fatal to the popularity of the bill. The public had no confidence in the honesty of its framers; they did not believe it was intended to work out its professed object. Right or wrong, they are of opinion that *real representation* cannot be obtained without the ballot, and they therefore viewed the measure of his lordship with much indifference. Their want of faith was greatly strengthened by the gross inequalities in the franchise maintained by the bill, and was further confirmed by the reason they had to suspect that the interests of whiggery, rather than those of the nation, had been uppermost with its framers.

But notwithstanding all this, and much more which might be alleged, we should have counselled reformers to take the measure, had it been still tendered them. We verily believe that it would have been a clear gain to the popular cause, more especially in the counties, where the £20 franchise would have introduced a vast body of independent voters resident in the immediate neighbourhood of towns. So strong is our conviction that, on the whole, it would have been a step in advance, that we should have left no means of persuasion untried to induce our readers to accept it. We need not say that such acceptance would not have been in settlement of our claims. We regard the bill as an instalment only, and as such should have taken it, making use of the means it afforded for urging further reforms. But we need not enlarge. The bill, together with those for Scotland and Ireland, are of course abandoned, and it will be for the people to say in what form the question shall re-appear.

In the meantime, it should be borne in mind that the conservative party now in power had come to a unanimous resolution to oppose the second reading of Lord John's bill, *not because of its shortcomings, but because it went too far*. An attempt will no doubt be made to throw dust in the eyes of the people on this point, but the fact is as we state, and it must not be forgotten. Lord Derby's party is the old tory clique furbished up anew, and adapted somewhat to the phase of 1852. It, however, there is one thing more certain than another, it is this, that they retain as large a portion as our altered circumstances permit of the genuine Sidmouth and Castlereagh creed. They are the inveterate enemies of popular rights, under whatever form, and at whatever time, they may appear.

THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION HAVE BEEN BESTIRRING THEMSELVES DURING THE PAST MONTH, and we have much pleasure in recording their proceedings. On the 2nd and 3rd instant a conference was held in Manchester, at the summons of 'The Voluntary School Association,' which was numerously attended from all parts of the kingdom, and at which strong resolutions were adopted in affirmation of the leading principles of the society. We are glad to note, that several members of the 'Congregational Board of Education' were present, and took an active part

in the proceedings. This is as it should be, and it would afford us unfeigned pleasure to learn that a union had been effected between the two organizations, whose views and objects are so identical. The spirit of the meeting was admirable; the zeal displayed in the cause of education was in honorable keeping with the past labors of the parties present; while the principles recognised were such as rekindle our hopes of a successful issue to the struggle now pending. The following resolution, which was unanimously adopted at a public meeting in the Free Trade Hall, will sufficiently explain the views of the conference:—

‘That, without regarding in a captious spirit the schemes proposed by the National Public School Association on the one hand, or the Manchester and Salford School Committee on the other, and without denying to the promoters of them the praise due to upright and benevolent intentions, this meeting cannot but entertain strong and decided objections to them both. To the former they have the insuperable objection that it totally excludes religion—the most vital element in education—from the school routine, and abandons it to extra-scholastic teaching. To the latter, they think it an objection, not less insuperable, that it extends equal patronage to religious sentiments not only of adverse but of contradictory forms. And to both they hold it as an objection in common that they avail themselves of public taxation for an object which, whether religion be or be not included in it, is not the business of the government, nor properly within the sphere of legislation.’

In opposition to these views a measure has been introduced into the Commons, entitled the ‘Manchester and Salford Education Bill,’ of which Mr. Brotherton moved the second reading on the 11th. The object of the bill was stated to be the free education of the poor of Manchester and Salford ‘by means of a local rate, the funds to be administered by the town councils of the two boroughs.’ The education is to be religious; ‘with due regard to the rights of conscience.’ Petitions numerous signed were presented on behalf of the measure; but its further progress was opposed, partly on the ground that the corporation of Manchester had not had an opportunity of recording their opinion respecting it, and partly, that ‘it was not only a public measure affecting the general laws of the country, but a public measure of the very greatest importance, involving the most serious difficulties and the very highest principles.’ The former objection was urged by Mr. M. Gibson, and the latter by Mr. Gladstone. Ultimately, the debate was adjourned, and on the 18th an attempt was made to obtain from the Manchester town council a vote in favor of the bill. This attempt, however, signally failed, as the following amendment was carried by a majority of thirty-four to twenty-two, after an animated discussion of several hours:—

‘That the bill before the council is not necessary; that the powers sought by such bill, would, if obtained, usurp the most important functions of the council, operate oppressively on the ratepayers, invade the rights of conscience, and interfere with the sacred duties of parents. That it be an instruction to the General Purposes Committee to take all necessary steps to prevent the said bill from passing into a law.’

The change recently effected in the government will doubtless have considerable influence on the future progress of the bill, and in the meantime

the friends of voluntary education must bestir themselves to enlighten the marvellous ignorance of our senators. Were we to credit what passes current in St. Stephen's, we should imagine that nothing had yet been done to diffuse amongst the poor of these realms the first elements of general knowledge. How far this is from being true we need not say. The merest tyro may rebuke the ignorance of many of our politicians, while the *real workers* in this field stand amazed at the folly which undertakes to legislate on a point which has never been examined, and is, therefore, as may readily be conceived, thoroughly misunderstood.

IN OUR LAST NUMBER WE ANNOUNCED THE RECALL OF SIR HARRY SMITH. Since then the despatch of the colonial secretary, dated January 14th, has been made public, and we are free to confess that its perusal has awakened within us feelings towards the late governor which we did not imagine could be induced. His recall was, in itself, a severe infliction, and need not have been aggravated by the mode in which it was effected. A calm and dignified communication announcing the simple fact was all which the case required; and considering the former services of Sir Harry Smith, good taste, to say nothing of generous feeling, prompted the use of kind and soothing words. But such is not the nature of Earl Grey, and his despatch therefore stands alone in documents of this kind, setting forth at large, as if for the very purpose of irritation, what he designates 'the errors' of the governor. 'Upon a careful review,' he says, 'of the events of the war, and those which preceded its breaking out, there is evidence, which it is impossible longer to resist, that you have failed in showing that foresight, energy, and judgment, which your very difficult position required.' All this is true, and in proper time should have been forthcoming; but we have no sympathy with the querulous and bitter spirit which could pen, what has been correctly termed a 'terrible bill of indictment,' under circumstances which, of themselves, were sufficiently punitive. The colonial secretary was the chief transgressor, and must not be permitted to throw the blame of his evil policy on the governor. The latter was clearly unfit for the station he held, but his instructions were received from Downing-street.

At first we were disposed to hope that the recall of Sir Harry Smith would be followed by a change of policy at the Cape, but this hope has been destroyed by the instructions given to his successor. Force is still to be our only weapon. The rule of tyrants in all ages is the same, and that of Earl Grey forms no exception. The Caffres must be subdued,—in other words, their country be laid waste, their property seized, their sons be slaughtered—and then their complaints are to be examined, and *it may be*, redressed. 'The object of paramount importance,' says Earl Grey, 'to which your attention must in the first instance be directed, is that of bringing to a close at the earliest possible period, by the complete subjugation of the hostile Caffres, the distressing and harassing war of which the eastern frontier of the colony has for the last year been the scene. Whatever may be the policy to be hereafter adopted, it is universally agreed by all who have considered the subject, and are acquainted with the existing situation of affairs, that, *be the causes of this unfortunate state of things what they may* (on which much difference of opinion prevails), it is absolutely necessary that the war, begun with so little provocation and in so treacherous

a manner by the Caffres and rebellious Hottentots, should be prosecuted with unremitting vigour until it can be finished by their being reduced to complete and unconditional submission.' We will not dwell on the assumptions of this passage. It might have been hoped that inquiry into the cause of the existing state of things would have been enjoined, before the sword was commanded to do its work. But the views of Earl Grey are far otherwise, and yet, as if in mockery, he subsequently talks 'of the civilization and conversion to Christianity' of the tribes whom he thus consigns to destruction. It is well that there are other preachers of Christianity than colonial secretaries, or the sons of the desert might well be excused for regarding it with hostility and abhorrence.

THE TACTICS OF THE PROTECTIONIST PARTY HAVE BEEN ADJUSTED to their altered position, arising from the rise which has occurred in agricultural produce. The ground has thus been cut from beneath their feet, and they have been reduced to a guerilla warfare, instead of the more orderly and compact onslaught which was threatened. To this species of parliamentary conflict we attribute the resolution moved by Lord Naas on the 19th:—'That in the opinion of this House the transactions which appear recently to have taken place between the Irish government and the editor of a Dublin newspaper are of a nature to weaken the authority of the executive and to reflect discredit on the administration of public affairs.'

This resolution, as our readers are aware, was founded on the disclosures made in the course of a recent trial in Ireland, and was adroitly framed with a view of obtaining support. Apart from its obvious design, it could scarcely fail to command the votes of a majority of the House; but that design was so evident, the error selected for reproof was so universal amongst politicians, and had been practised so unscrupulously, and on so large a scale by conservative rulers, that the most upright minds could not but be disgusted at the zeal professed by Lord Naas and his associates, and refused to countenance their hypocrisy. They felt, as well they might, that the accusing party did not come into court with clean hands; that they might fairly be addressed with the old admonition, 'First cast out the *beam* out of thine own eye;' that their language and acts were the reverse of each other; and that their victory, should such be gained, would be improved for mere party purposes. They therefore refused to be caught by the bait proffered, and rejected the resolution by 229 to 137.

This majority was much larger than had been anticipated, for which various causes are assigned. In the first place, Lord Clarendon is deservedly popular with the House. His administration has long been deemed the best feature of Lord Russell's government, and it was, therefore, thought both ungenerous and impolitic to single out one act for reproof, when so much good had been effected under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Secondly, we have reason to believe, that the hollowness of the whole transaction had been disclosed by Mr. Birch himself, and that the more discreet of the tories were, in consequence, not disposed to press the matter. Thirdly, the Peel party were prevented from supporting the resolution, by the fact having been ascertained, that their own Irish secretary had done the same thing in the case of the same party. The result of these, and it may be of other considerations, was a majority which gave an air of ridiculousness to the fears which had been expressed.

Considering the spirit in which the resolution originated, and the interests it was obviously designed to serve, we rejoice in the result. We should, at the same time, do injustice to ourselves, if we did not place on record our strong sense of the inexpediency, and manifest evils, resulting from such an employment of public money as was charged on Lord Clarendon. If, in any circumstances, it be lawful to do as he did, a justification exists in his case. But it is essential to our welfare—absolutely needful to the maintenance of popular liberty—that the press should be free from the suspicion of being bribed. Its vocation can be fulfilled only as it maintains its independence and integrity. Let it but touch public money, and its strength is gone. It will lose the confidence of the people, and become the tool of unscrupulous statesmen.

SCARCELY WAS THE MAJORITY OF THE GOVERNMENT KNOWN TO THE COUNTRY before an adverse vote was taken by the Commons, which has brought on what is termed 'A Ministerial Crisis.' This occurred on the 20th, on occasion of the premier bringing up a resolution of the Committee of the whole House on the subject of the militia, and requesting leave to introduce a bill founded thereon. An amendment was moved by Lord Palmerston, to the effect that a *regular* militia should be embodied in the place of a *local* one, and on a division it was carried by a majority of 11; the numbers being 136 for, and 125 against it. This result took the House by surprise. A division does not appear to have been anticipated, certainly not a defeat; and when the premier proceeded to intimate his intention to resign, the scene which ensued is more easily imagined than described. Of the debate itself we say nothing. The ministerial journals, as a matter of course, severely reflect on Lord Palmerston, and some which have not sustained that character join in the outcry. We cannot see the justice of this. It was certainly competent to his lordship to propose what he deemed an improvement of the measure of his late chief, and if in doing so he afforded occasion for an adverse vote, the fault is mainly attributable to the supporters of government, who mustered in such small numbers as to allow of its defeat. Either there was great indifference on the part of liberal members to the fate of the ministry, or great negligence in those whose place it was to ensure their attendance. The House was much thinner than on the previous evening, and if report speaks truly, there were signs before the division of the hope which animated the opposition. We are strongly inclined to think that the premier was not indisposed to free himself from the difficulties of his position, though we can readily imagine that the mortification of defeat was aggravated by the fact of its having occurred on a motion of his late colleague. On this ground alone can we understand the irritation observable in the manner of Lord John. A motion respecting The Cape stood for the following Tuesday, and his lordship could scarcely expect to command a majority on that occasion, as the administration of Earl Grey was confessedly the weak point of his government. 'That same hour,' says 'The Times,' referring to the division, 'brought to Lord John Russell an opportunity to free himself from a burden he could ill sustain—to Lord Palmerston a triumph over a colleague who had dissolved their connexion—to the tory opposition an easy and unlooked for victory. * * *

It was less hard for Lord John Russell to face a colonial debate than to bear the increasing responsibilities of his position, aggravated by a scheme of reform which no single party in the nation accepted or approved. He accordingly ran the vessel ashore, and jumped from the helm.'

The ministry resigned on the following day; and on the 23rd the fact was formally announced—to the Lords by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and to the Commons by Lord John. The premier could not well avoid reference to the course he should pursue out of office, and without attaching undue importance to his avowal, or forgetting the temptation which his position supplied to bid for popularity, we are glad to record the pledge he gave, in the following words:—

'As to the future, I shall only say that I shall think it my duty to oppose out of office as I have in office any restoration of the duties on corn, whether under the name of protection or of revenue; and that I shall think it my duty to support the extension of the suffrage to those who are fitted to exercise the franchise for the welfare of the country, believing that such an extension will add strength and solidity to our parliamentary system. I will say further, that I shall always use the little influence I may possess for the maintenance of the blessings of peace.'

We do not regret the fall of the whig ministry. They had long existed on sufferance, and would ere this have been outvoted, had any other party been strong enough to carry on the government. Their continuance from day to day was a thing of accident, and was liable to be terminated at any moment. The divisions of their opponents were their safety, and they partook too largely of the spirit of an oligarchy to permit their seeking strength from the ranks of the people. For several years past their popularity has been on the wane. The favor gained in opposition was lost in office, and their vacillating, do-nothing policy had worn out the patience of the people. As a party they have always been distinguished by their aristocratical bearing. A few great houses united amongst themselves, have shared the higher honors of the state, and have deemed it enough to permit the men of genius in their ranks to eat of the crumbs which fell from their table. The Reform Bill of 1830 was a mighty achievement, which was expected to serve their party interests, at the same time that it strengthened the popular branch of the legislature. But from the date of its passing, their policy has been feeble and irresolute. The atmosphere of a court has been unfriendly to their vigour, and they now retire unregretted and with little respect. A temporary occupation of the opposition benches will brace their nerves, teach them lessons which they are now slow to learn, and prepare them, it may be, for companionships from which at present they shrink. Whiggery has a great historic name for which we are jealous, and we are glad therefore that those who profess its doctrines, are removed from a position which they occupied with little honor to themselves, or benefit to the country.

On the resignation of Lord John, the Earl of Derby was entrusted with the construction of a ministry, and the facility with which the task has been executed betokens prior arrangement. It was well known before the division on Lord Naas's motion that the earl was prepared to take office.

Last year he declined to do so, and the country generally deemed him wise. No improvement has subsequently taken place in his position. The national revenue is improving, free trade is increasingly justified by the further trial it has had, and agricultural produce is realizing a better price than it has done for years past. A change, however, has passed over the spirit of his lordship, and he has seized at the instant what he formerly—and not long since—refused. Which may prove the wiser resolve—that of 1851 or that of 1852—time will show. We entertain no doubt, and unless we are greatly mistaken, a few months will clear up the vision. The list of the Stanley administration is now before us, and without wishing to prejudge their official merits, we are free to confess that we stand amazed. Mr. D'Israeli is chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Walpole, home secretary; Lord Malmesbury, foreign secretary; and Sir John Pakington, colonial secretary. The other appointments are of a similar order, and the whole list has awakened a feeling for which it is difficult to find a name. Men look incredulous, and ask each other what it means. They cannot be persuaded that things are as they seem, or that any sane man can expect with such forces to govern the affairs of this great empire. We shall soon see.

In the meantime, it is noteworthy that the administration is of the genuine tory breed, and is cemented by the one link of protection. On this point there can be no mistake. Not a single Peelite is in the list, or any one who is suspected of the slightest inkling towards free trade or reform. We are glad of this. It must prevent mistake and will be our strength in the impending struggle. There has been a good deal of foolish talk about giving the new ministry a fair trial, as if the creed and policy of its members were not already sufficiently known. We can afford, however, to be calm. It is our interest and strength to be so. Nothing will be gained by a premature declaration of hostility. On the contrary, much may be hazarded by throwing into the ministerial scale the timid and the sentimental, who challenge for Lord Stanley forbearance and fair trial. We must not, however, suffer ourselves to be hoodwinked. Our vigilance must not sleep, nor our love of fair-play suffer the possessors of office to delude and cheat the nation.

We are glad to find that the former members of the Anti-Corn Law League have held a meeting in Manchester, for the purpose of determining whether that body should be revived. Their decision is characteristic of the skill which formerly guided their measures, and will serve to re-assure the friends of free trade.

'One hundred and eight gentlemen were present,' says 'The Times,' 'who declared themselves ready to sacrifice their time and money as before, if necessary; but it was thought sufficient for the present to empower the executive council of the last League to watch the proceedings of the administration, awaiting their formal declaration of policy, and to adjourn to Monday next. Meanwhile Lord Derby was warned that if this question was re-opened, the people would not be content with a settlement on the present basis, but would couple political rights with it, and that he and his order must look to themselves.'

It is at present uncertain whether parliament will be dissolved immediately, or not. We shall probably learn on the 27th. Come when it

may, we must not be unprepared. Our opponents will take every advantage their position admits of, and we must be ready to meet them at the poll with an earnestness proportioned to the crisis, and a self-sacrifice worthy of our principles. We had hoped that the battle of free trade was over. If, however, we are called on to fight it again, it must be with the determination of achieving such a victory as will decide the case for ever. All other questions must be merged in this. There must be no division amongst us. The whig must support the radical, and the radical the whig,—the Peelite and the reformer, the churchman and the dissenter, must go hand in hand, in achieving the triumph of commercial freedom. Let this be done, and our victory will be complete and final.

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